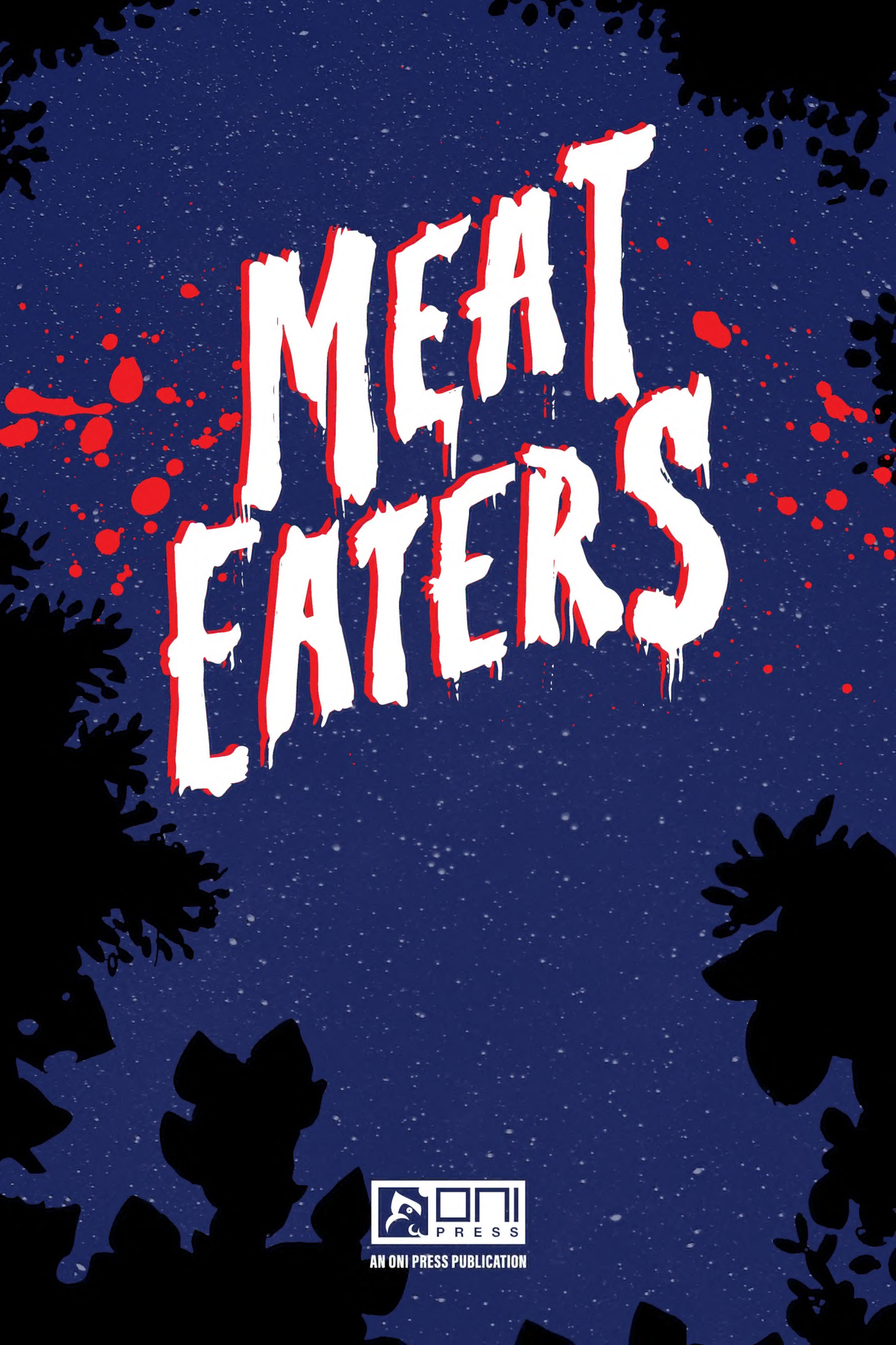
MEAT
EATERS
Meredith McClaren



AN ONI PRESS PUBLICATION

MEAT EATERS

Meredith McClaren

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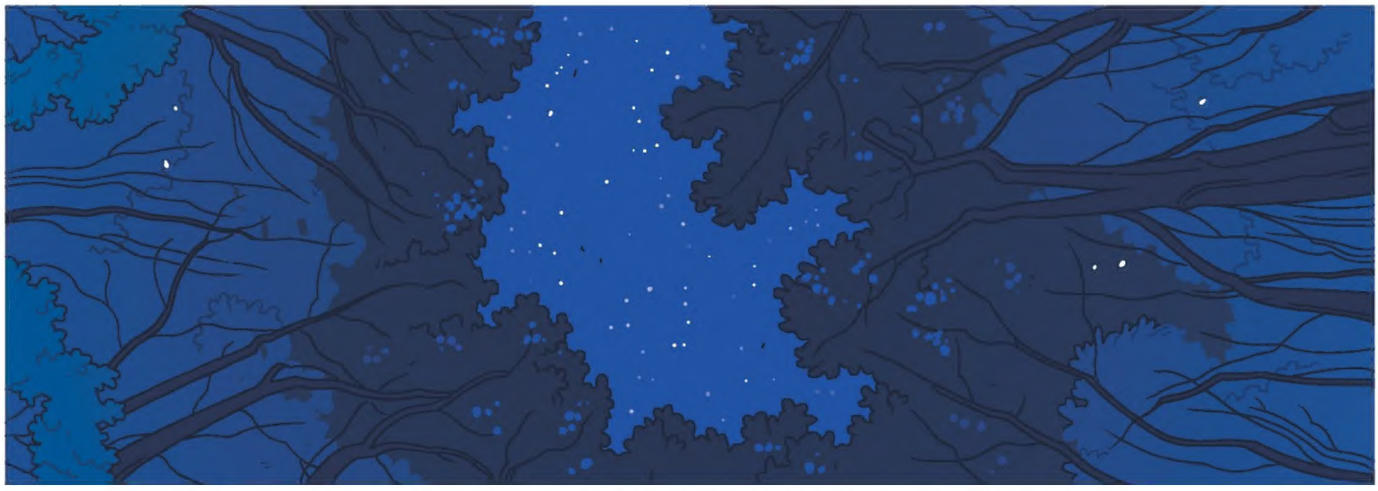
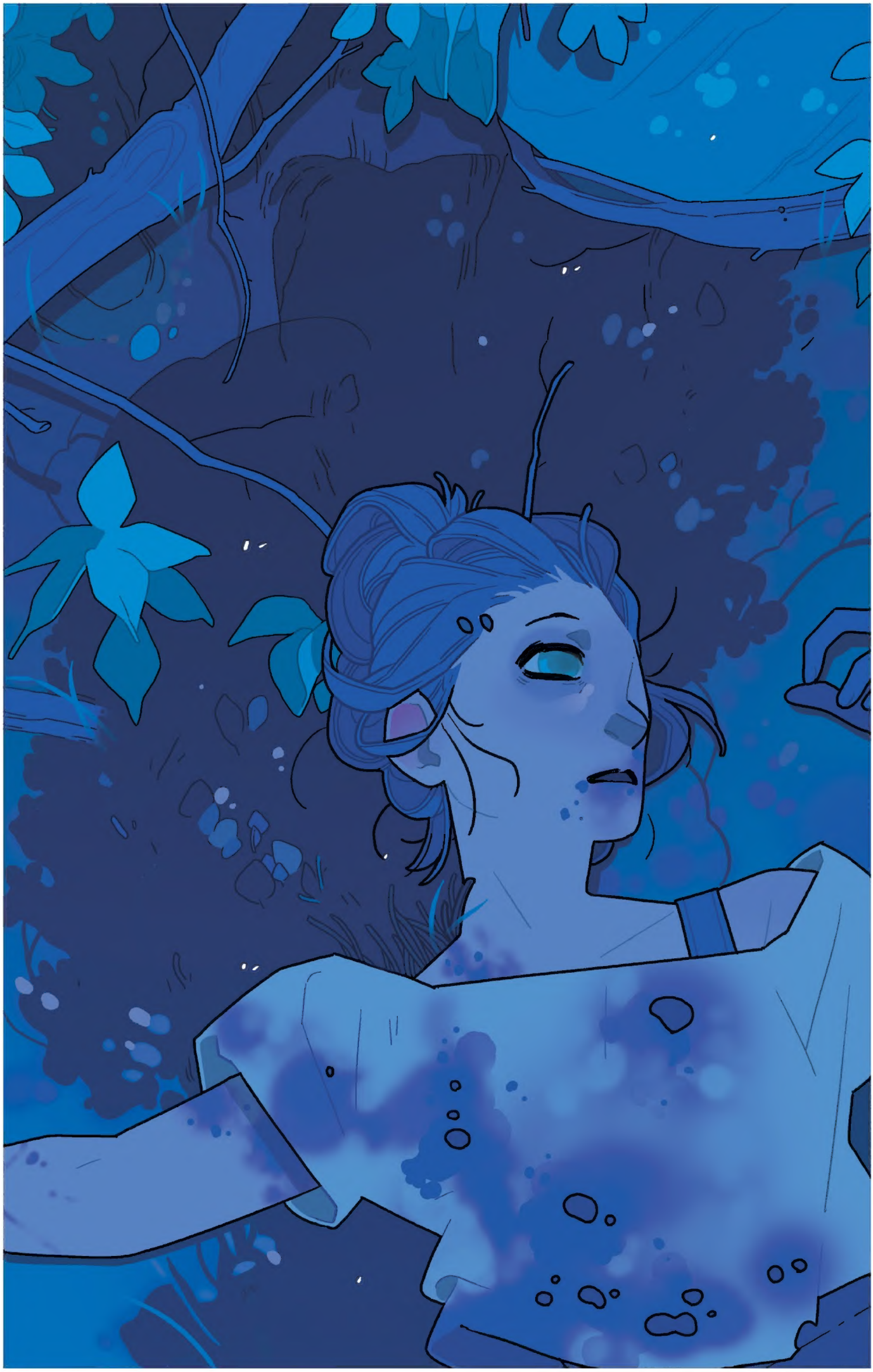
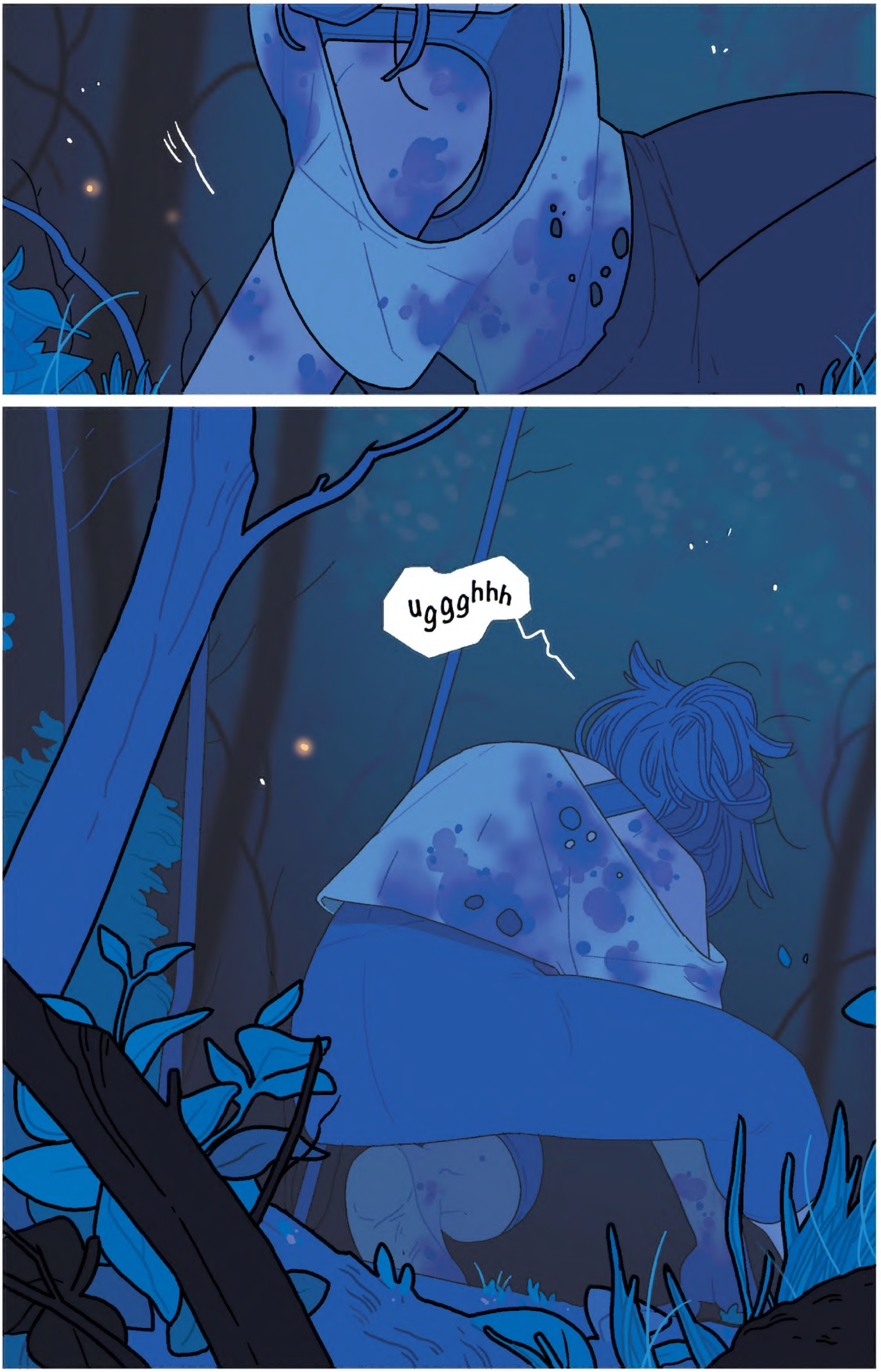





ugggh

uggghhh
ggghhhh
grunt
CLIK.

hhhhhh
3:54
chirp chirp
6:30
SNOOZE
chir—
SNOOZE

LET IT BE SAID...
...THAT DYING IS HARD.
LIVING...
...IS ALSO HARD.

AND EVERYTHING ELSE...
...IS JUST PLAIN DIFFICULT.
OH GOD.

SKCH SKCH
SKCH SKCH
MEW.
SK-
MITZI, I SWEAR TO GOD--!

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO...

...EXCEPT KEEP GOING?

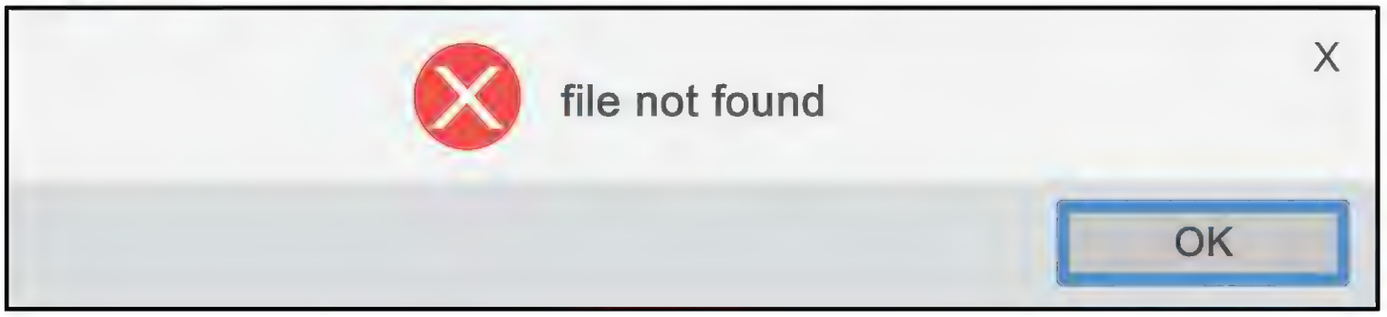
EVERYTHING'S OKAY.
PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT
YOU ARE HAVNG A NORMAL DAY.
ASHLEY MOORE?
HERE!
IT'S. ALL. FINE.

KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN. GET GOOD GRADES. GRADUATE. GO TO COMMUNITY COLLEGE. GET A SCHOLARSHIP TO ANY COLLEGE *ANYWHERE* THAT WILL HAND ME A FULL RIDE. AS LONG AS IT'S *FAR FROM HERE.*

GET THE HELL OUT OF *TWILL.* A TOWN NOBODY'S HEARD OF OR WANTS TO BE IN.

AND THEN...

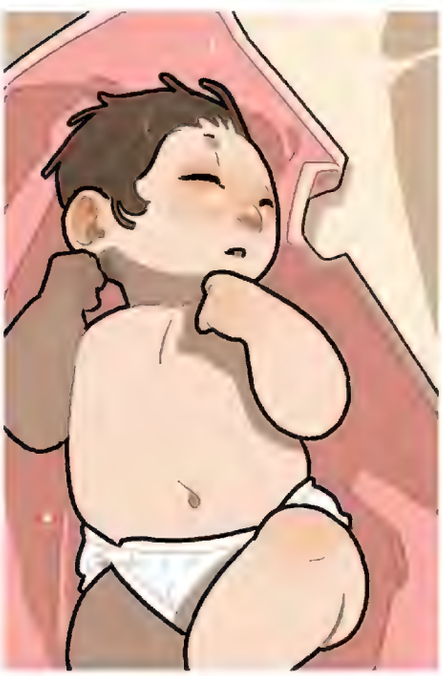
AND THEN...



...
OKAY, SO THERE'S NOTHING SOLID AFTER GETTING OUT OF TWILL. BUT THE "GETTING OUT OF TWILL" IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING.
IF I COULD JUST *LEAVE*, I COULD ACTUALLY FIGURE OUT THE PERSON I REALLY AM.
I COULD *LIKE* THAT PERSON.
(I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE PERSON I AM HERE.)
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KEEP MY HEAD DOWN, KEEP TO MYSELF, FORGO ANY PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS THAT COULD POTENTIALLY KEEP ME HERE, IGNORE ALL DRAMA, AND BE *VERY, VERY* NONDESCRIPT.
(ADMITTEDLY, THOUGH, THIS IS ALL VERY... ODD.)
(NO, SHUSH.)
THIS IS ONLY A HICCUP IF I ALLOW IT TO BE.
NO MORE WEIRDNESS. STARTING NOW.

OKAY.
SO.
MY TOASTY TASTES LIKE ASH. THAT'S NOT...WEIRD AT ALL.
UNLESS...?

THIS IS THE PART WHERE I SHOULD PROBABLY GIVE YOU SOME BACKSTORY.

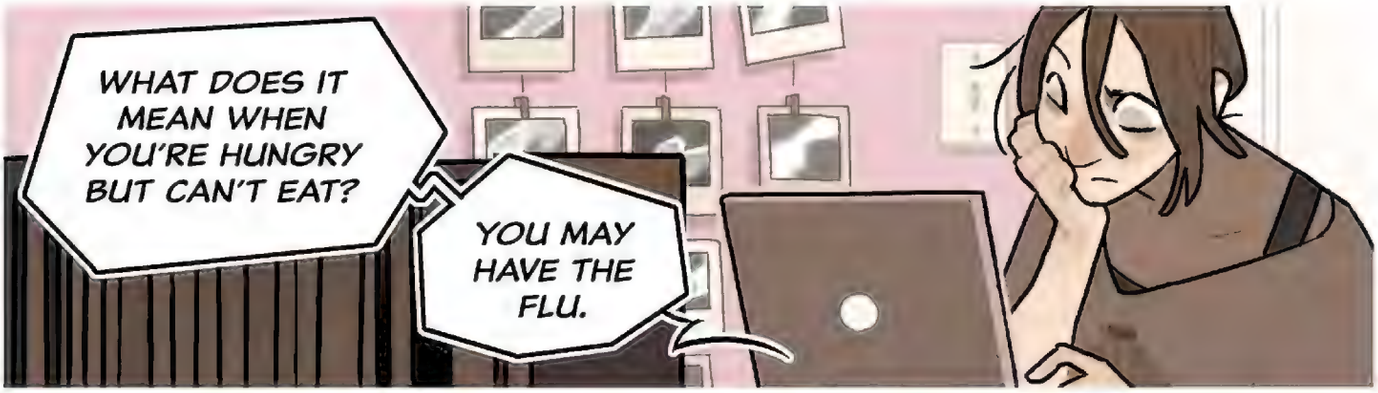


HEY!

NOPE, NOPE, NOPE, NOPE. NOT GOING TO REVISIT THAT.
WE'LL APPROACH THIS WITH SCIENCE.

HOW IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLE?

Ring
Ring
Ring
MOM
CAN'T COME TO THE PHONE RIGHT NOW! LEAVE A MESSAGE.
HI. MOM. HI.
I'M KIND OF-- I--
NEVER MIND.
C'MON, YOU'VE BEEN A LATCHKEY KID SINCE MIDDLE SCHOOL. THAT'S NEVER BEEN A PROBLEM.
THIS IS FINE. I AM IN CONTROL. I AM IN CONTROL.


WHAT DOES IT MEAN WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY BUT CAN'T EAT?
YOU MAY HAVE THE FLU.

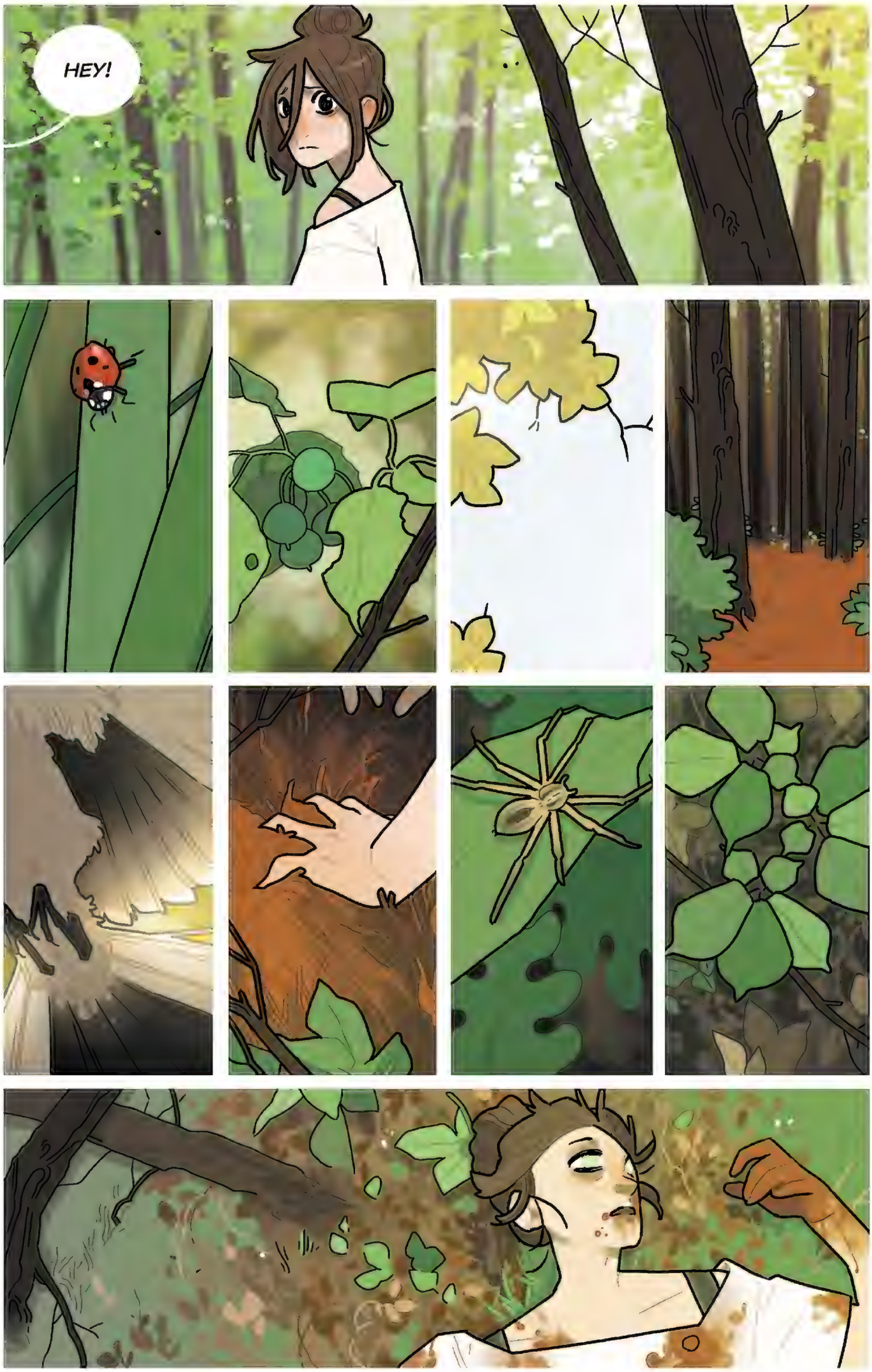
BEEP
BEEP

75 DEGREES.

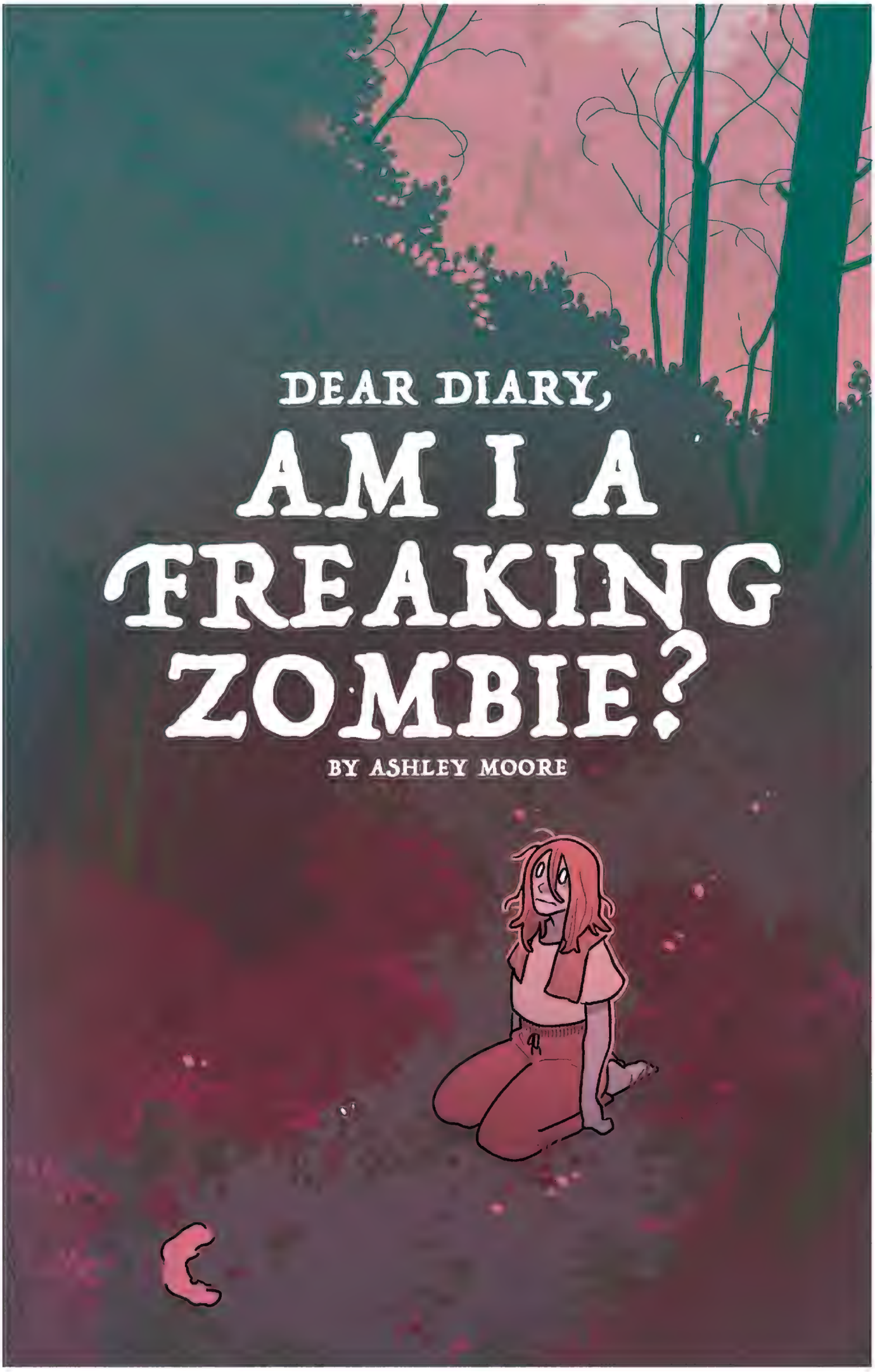
SALE
SALE

70.4
74.3
76.8
71.2
WHAT IF YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE IS 70 DEG--
70.5
70.0
73.1
WHAT IF YOUR BODY TEMPERATURE IS 70 DEG--
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN SOMEONE IS CLINICALLY DEAD?
NO HEARTBEAT + NO BREATHING + NO BRAIN ACTIVITY = CLINICAL DEATH.
NO HEARTBEAT √ + NO BREATHING + NO BRAIN ACTIVITY = CLINICAL DEATH.

NO HEARTBEAT
+ NO BREATHING
+ NO BRAIN ACTIVITY
=
CLINICAL DEATH.
NO HEARTBEAT
+ NO BREATHING
+ NO BRAIN ACTIVITY
=
NOT CLINICALLY DEAD?
I CAN'T BE DEAD. DEAD PEOPLE DON'T DO SHIT. THEY GET PUT IN THE GROUND WHEREVER THEY DIED AND STAY THERE. "ZOMBIES" ARE NOT POSSIBLE. "ZOMBIES" ONLY EXIST IN *MOVIES.*
WHAT EVEN *HAPPENED?*

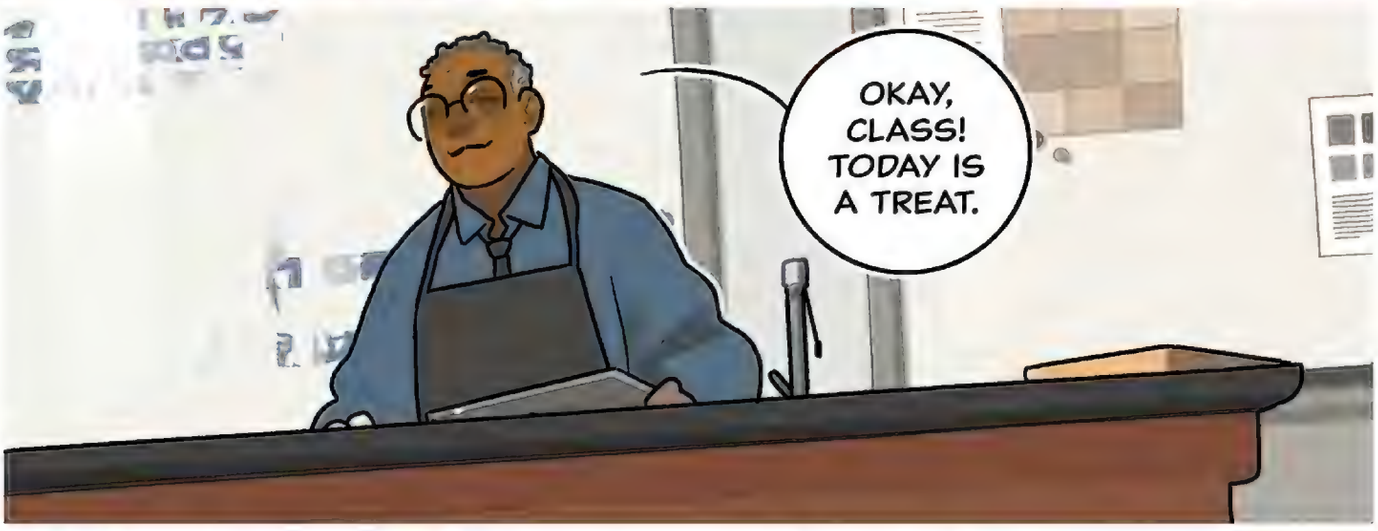

HEY!

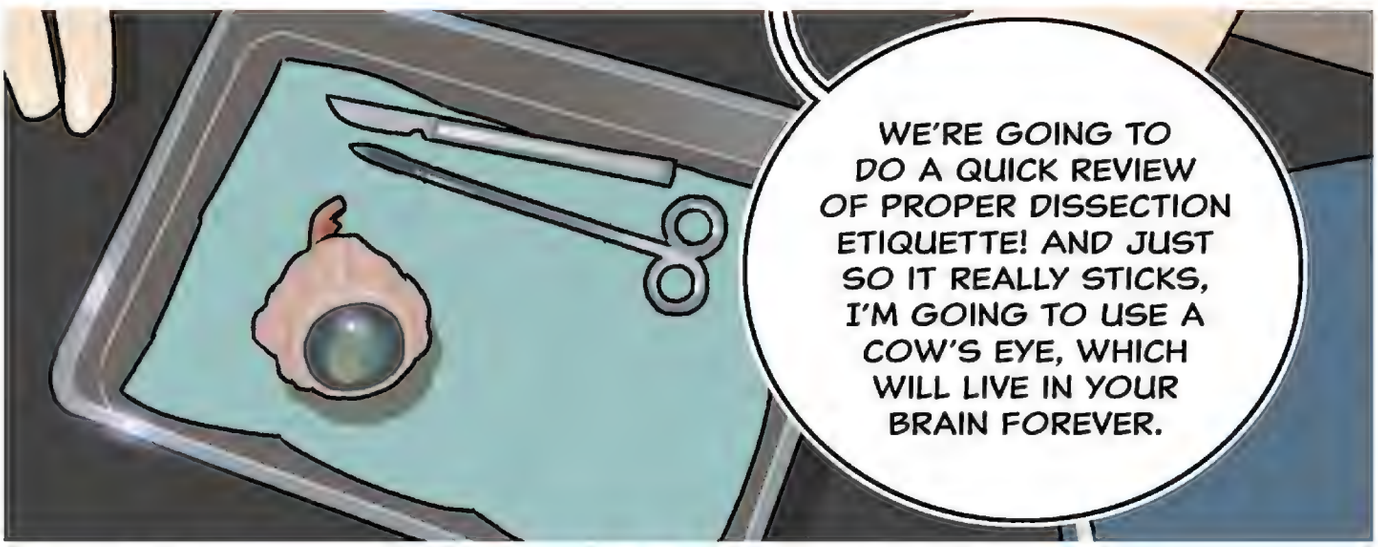
krk
crunch
ksh
kRk
skuck
k-?
OH MY GOD!


DEAR DIARY,
AM I A FREAKING ZOMBIE?
BY ASHLEY MOORE

NOOOOO...
ALL OF THIS WILL BE BETTER IN THE MORNING.
ALL OF THIS WILL BE BETTER IN THE MORNING.

IT DID NOT GET BETTER.


OKAY, CLASS! TODAY IS A TREAT.


WE'RE GOING TO DO A QUICK REVIEW OF PROPER DISSECTION ETIQUETTE! AND JUST SO IT REALLY STICKS, I'M GOING TO USE A COW'S EYE, WHICH WILL LIVE IN YOUR BRAIN FOREVER.

gurgle

FIRST, YOU'LL NEED TO BE WEARING GOGGLES, GLOVES, AND APRONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR PERSON.
FOOD IS ABSOLUTELY NOT ALLOWED IN THE LAB DURING DISSECTION, THOUGH I HARDLY HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO YOU WHY.
gurgle

gurgle
HOW CAN I HELP YOU?
I--
HAH!

RANCH
--ISS?
MISS? ARE YOU OKAY?
RANCH

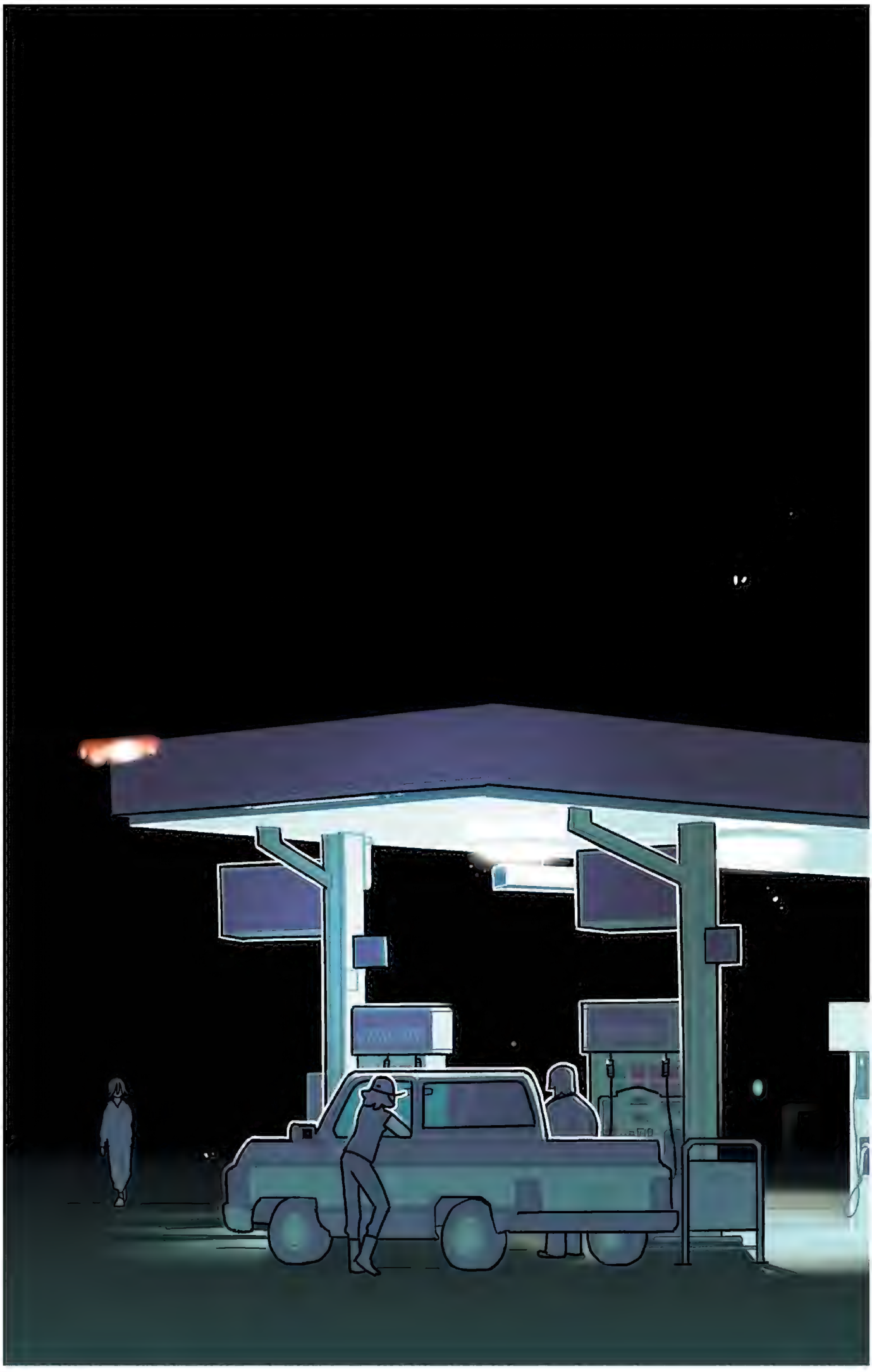
THERE WILL NEVER BE ENOUGH LOCKS.
THIS IS STUPID. THIS IS DUMB. GET YOURSELF TOGETHER, ASHLEY.

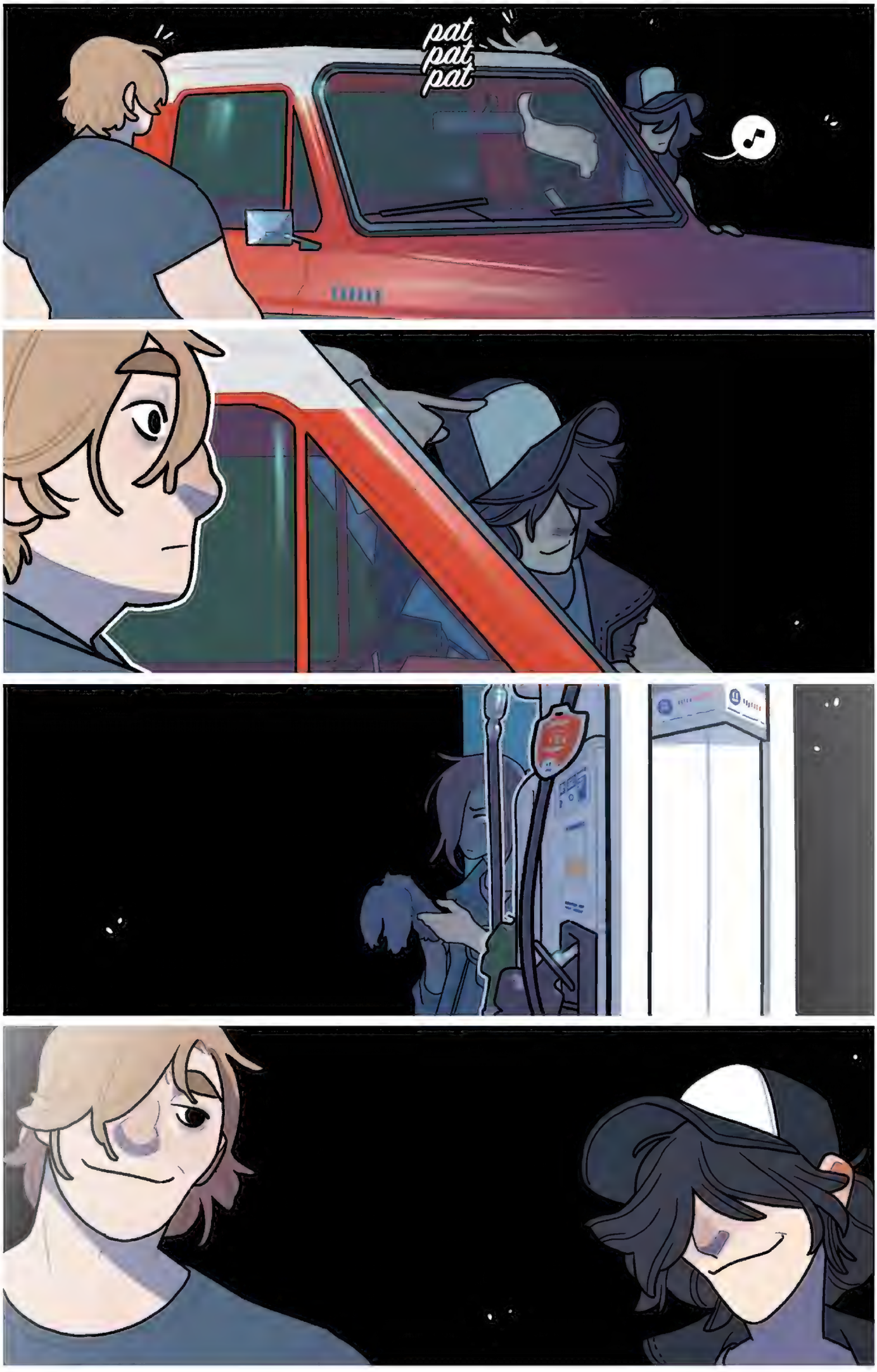
ONE THING AT A TIME. WHAT CAN WE DO? WHAT IS ONE THING WE CAN DO THAT WILL MAKE THINGS BETTER?
gurgle
NOT THAT.
WHAT DO PEOPLE DO TO SAVE THEIR LIVES?

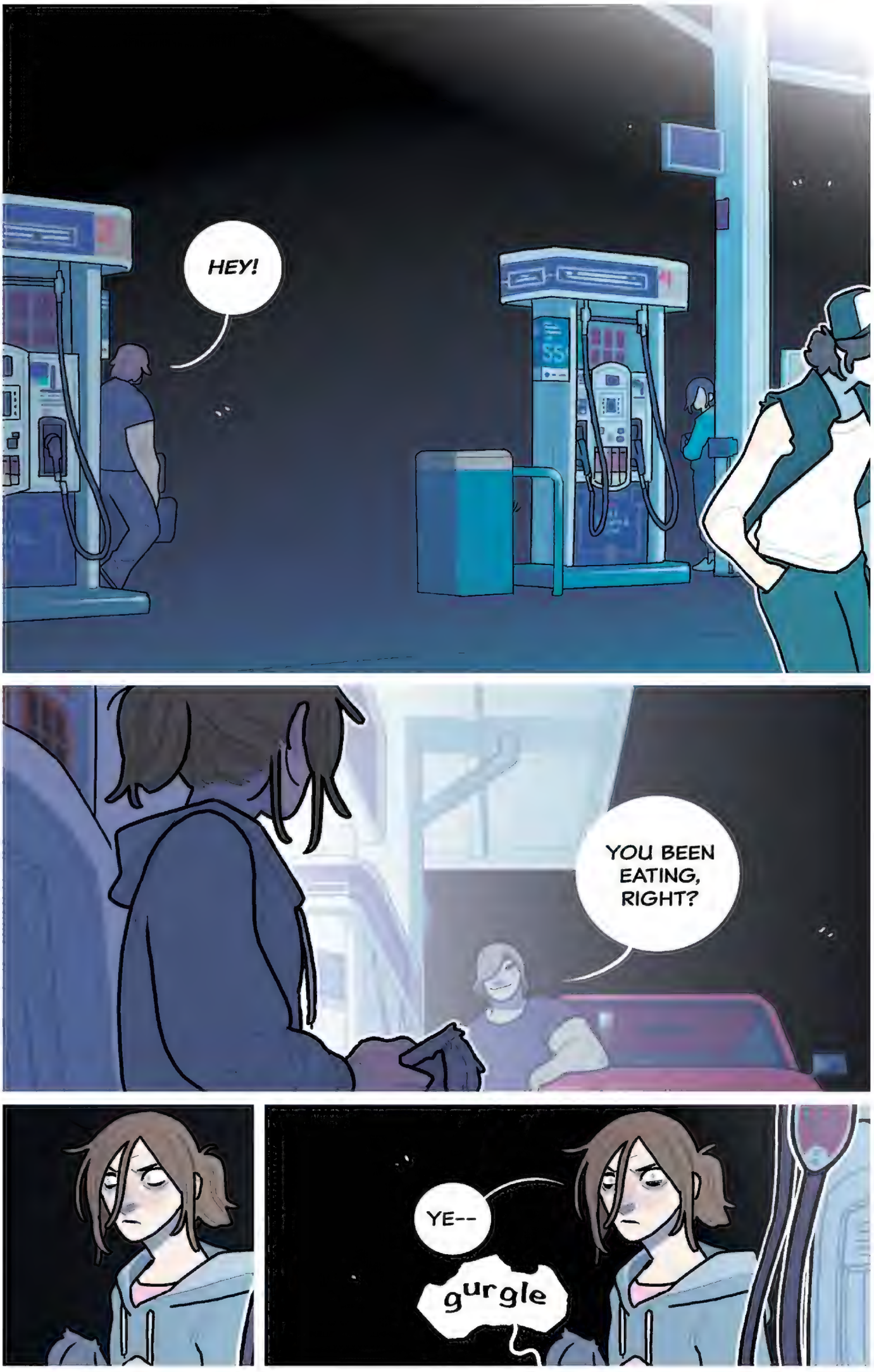
RUNNING. THE SKILL SET FOR SURVIVAL.
COUCH TO 5K!
STEP 1: RUN 20 SECONDS.

OH.
OH, SHIT.
OH, GODDAMN.
...
YOU... OKAY?
YUP! YUP! TOTALLY FINE! THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION!

RUNNING AT NIGHT.
NO WITNESSES.
START PLAYLIST




pat
pat
pat

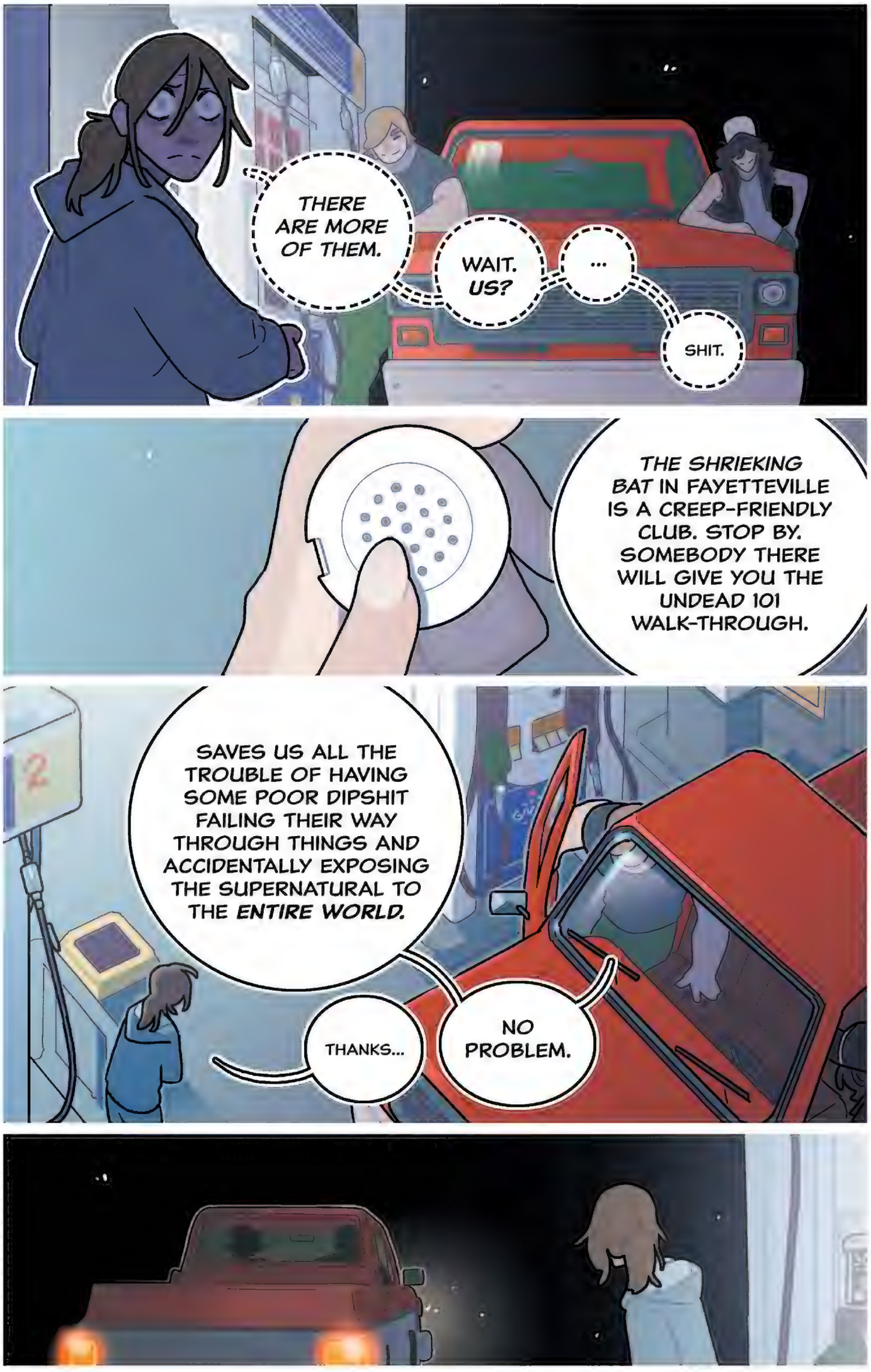

HEY!
YOU BEEN EATING, RIGHT?
YE--
gurgle

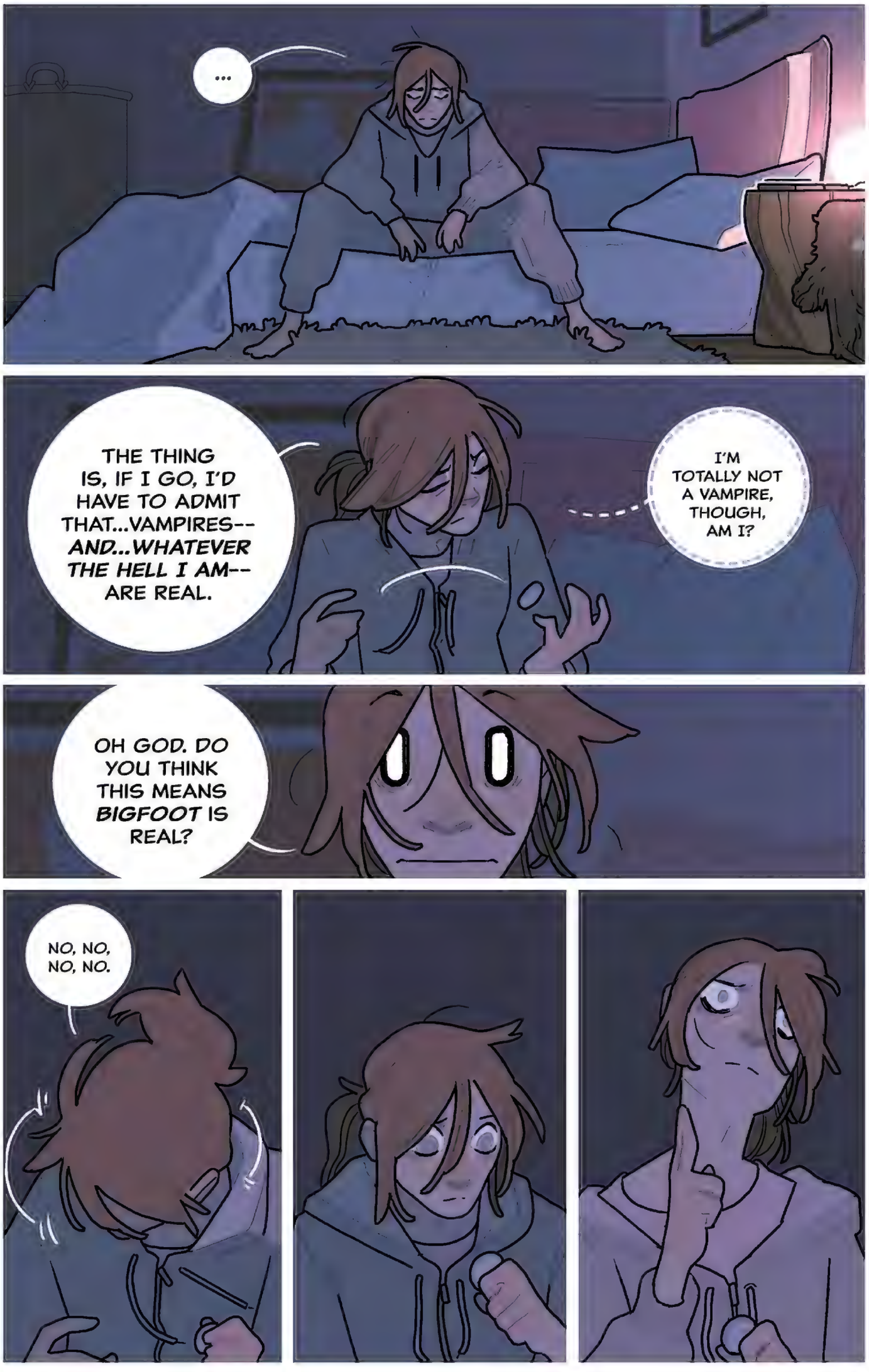
THOUGHT SO.
TRY THIS.
...UM?
JUST TRY IT.

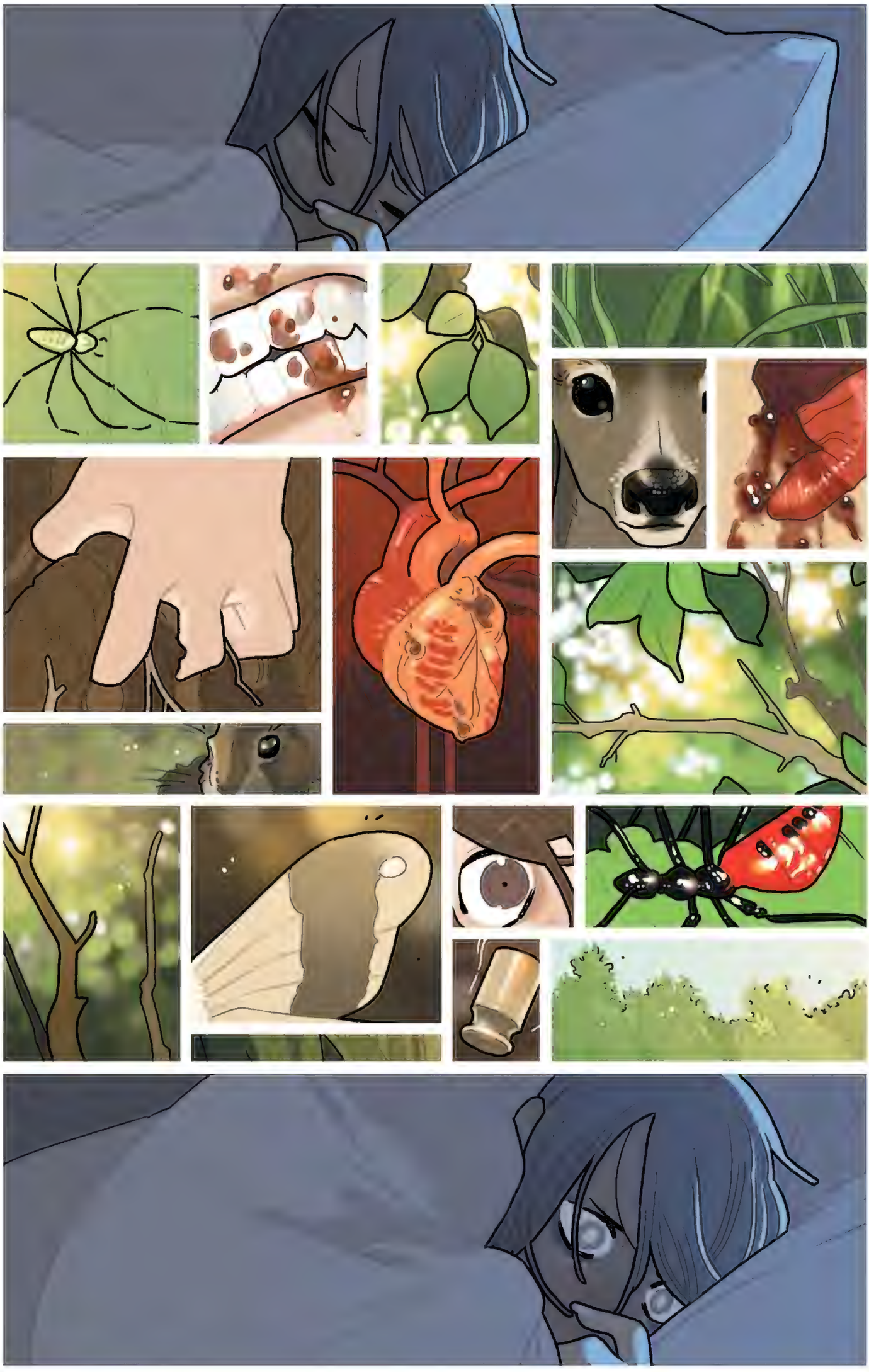
chk
csh
siiiiiip...?

RIGHT? WON'T BEAT THE REAL THING, BUT IT'LL DEFINITELY ADD A LITTLE VARIETY.
HOW...? HOW DID YOU KNOW?
YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING.
DON'T WORRY. WE ARE TOO.
pat pat
WAIT. WHAT? REALLY?
Ta-daaa!

WAIT. NO. I DON'T THINK I'M--
OH BOY. YOU ARE *NEW*.
KNEW I HAD A SPARE!
WHAT?
PORTABLE HEARTBEAT. YOU KNOW, LIKE THEY SEW INTO TEDDY BEARS AT THE MALL.
NOT EVERY *CREEPY* YOU'RE GONNA MEET IS GONNA TO BE POLITE. BETTER TO JUST WEAR THAT AND LET THEM THINK YOU'RE A RED-BLOODED HUMAN. LESS LIKELY TO MESS WITH YOU.
VAMPS GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER.


THERE ARE MORE OF THEM.
WAIT. US?
...
SHIT.
THE SHRIEKING BAT IN FAYETTEVILLE IS A CREEP-FRIENDLY CLUB. STOP BY. SOMEBODY THERE WILL GIVE YOU THE UNDEAD 101 WALK-THROUGH.
SAVES US ALL THE TROUBLE OF HAVING SOME POOR DIPSHIT FAILING THEIR WAY THROUGH THINGS AND ACCIDENTALLY EXPOSING THE SUPERNATURAL TO THE ENTIRE WORLD.
THANKS...
NO PROBLEM.

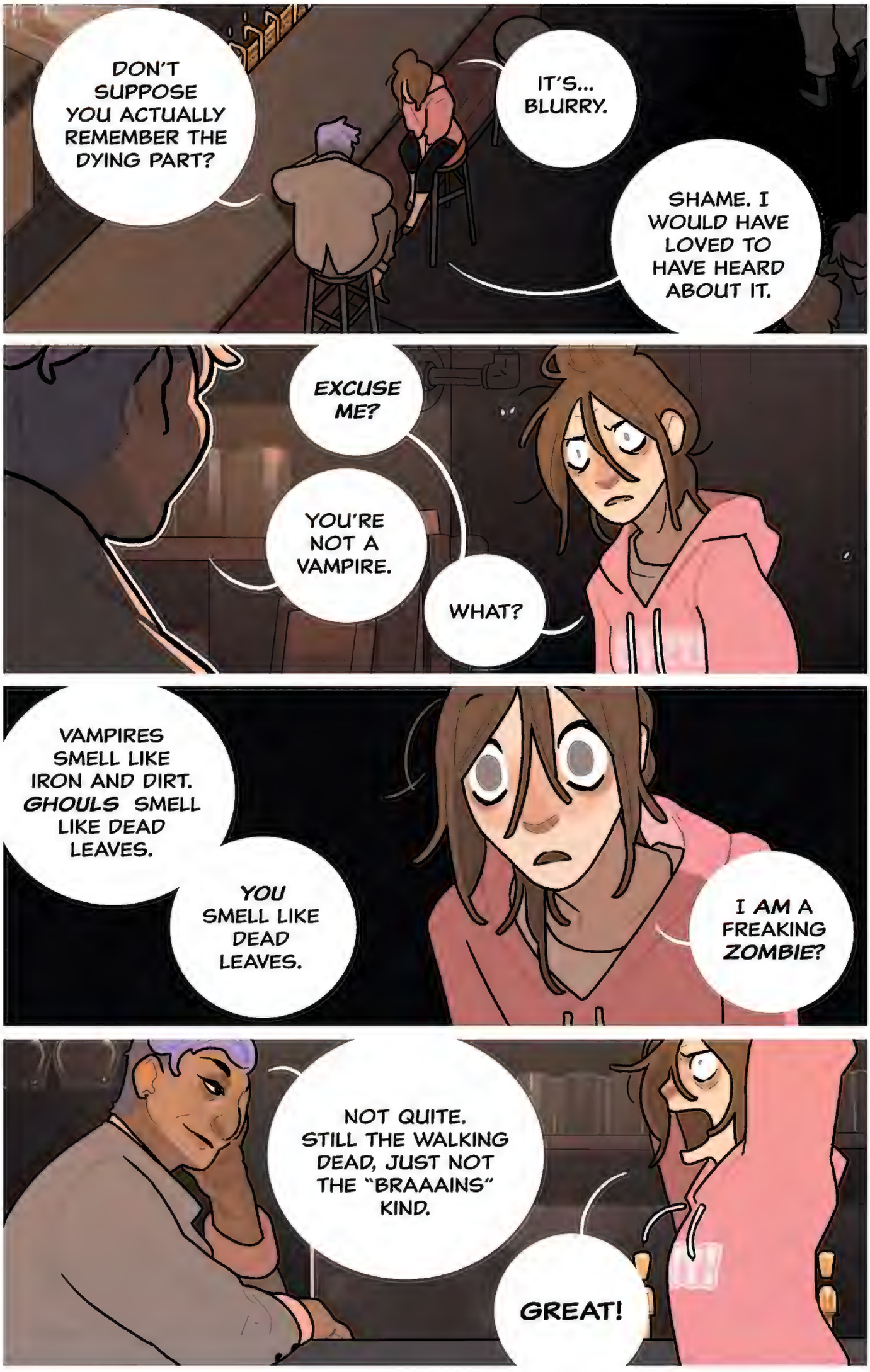

...
THE THING IS, IF I GO, I'D HAVE TO ADMIT THAT...VAMPIRES-- AND...WHATEVER THE HELL I AM-- ARE REAL.
I'M TOTALLY NOT A VAMPIRE, THOUGH, AM I?
OH GOD. DO YOU THINK THIS MEANS BIGFOOT IS REAL?
NO, NO, NO, NO.

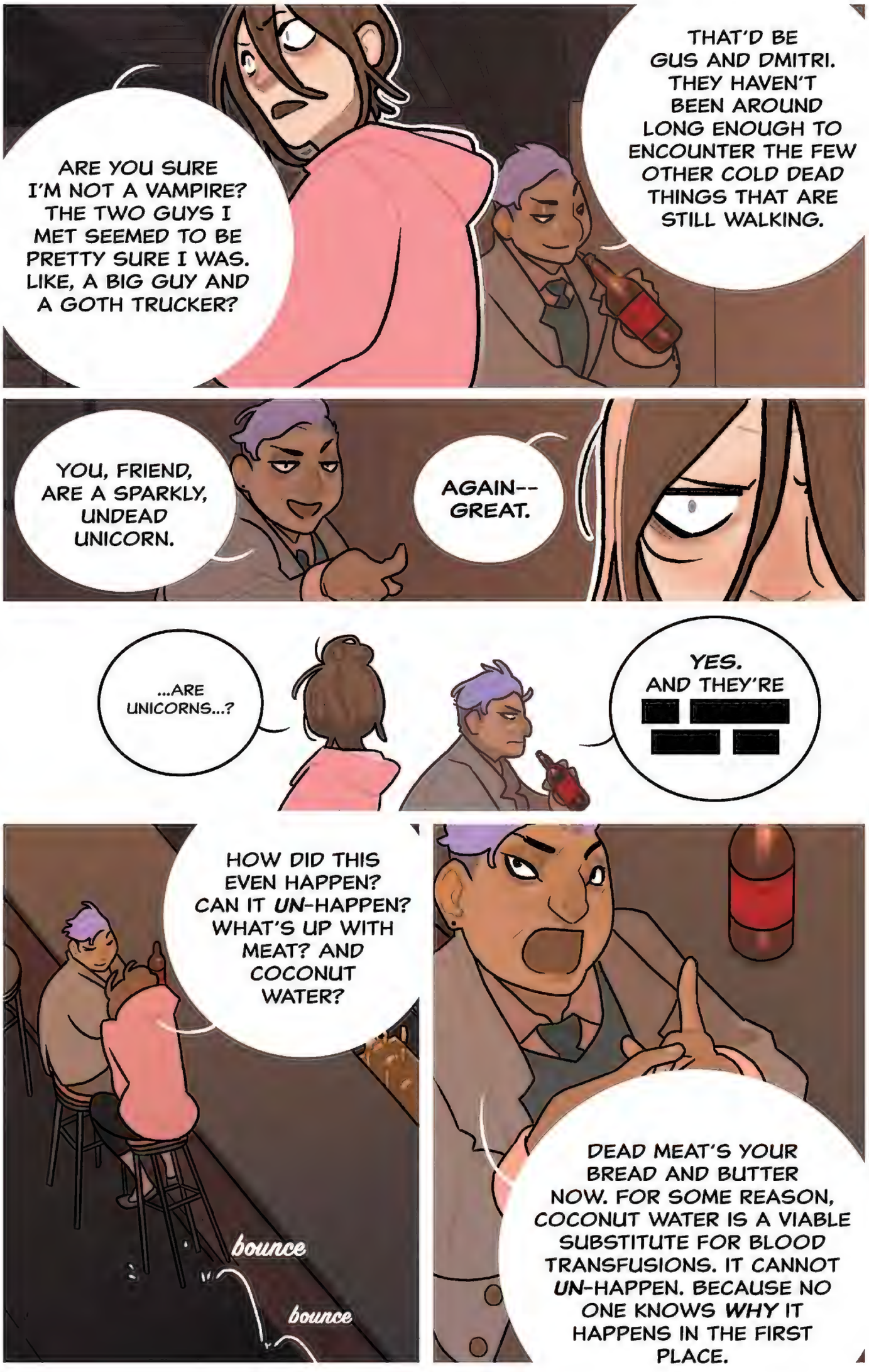


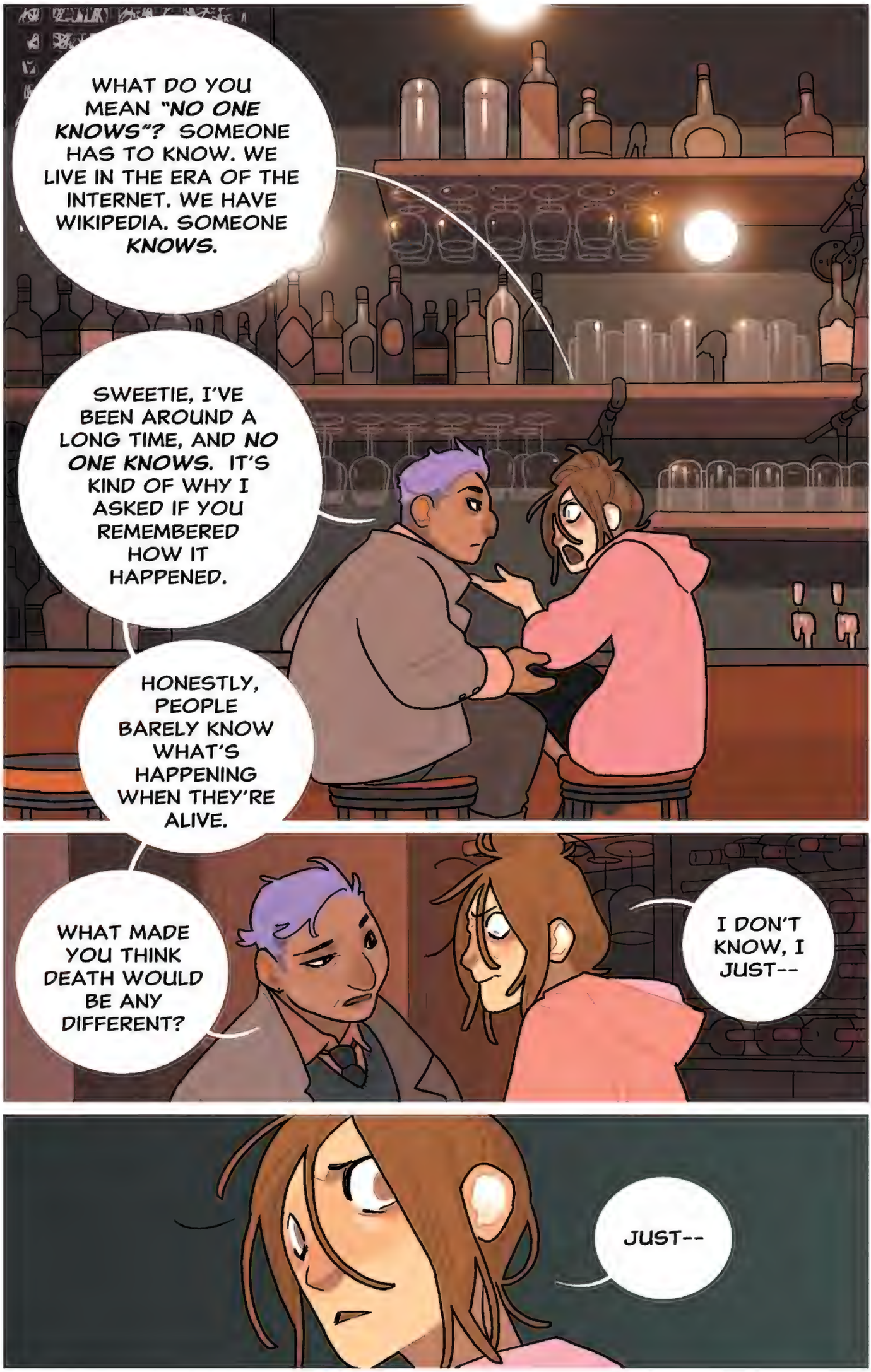
UM. I KNOW I'M PROBABLY NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, BUT SOME GUYS SAID I SHOULD STOP BY...
...FOR UNDEAD 101...?
GO ON IN. NO DRINKING.
NO BOOZE, GOT IT--
NO DRINKING THE *CLIENTELE.*
...SURE...

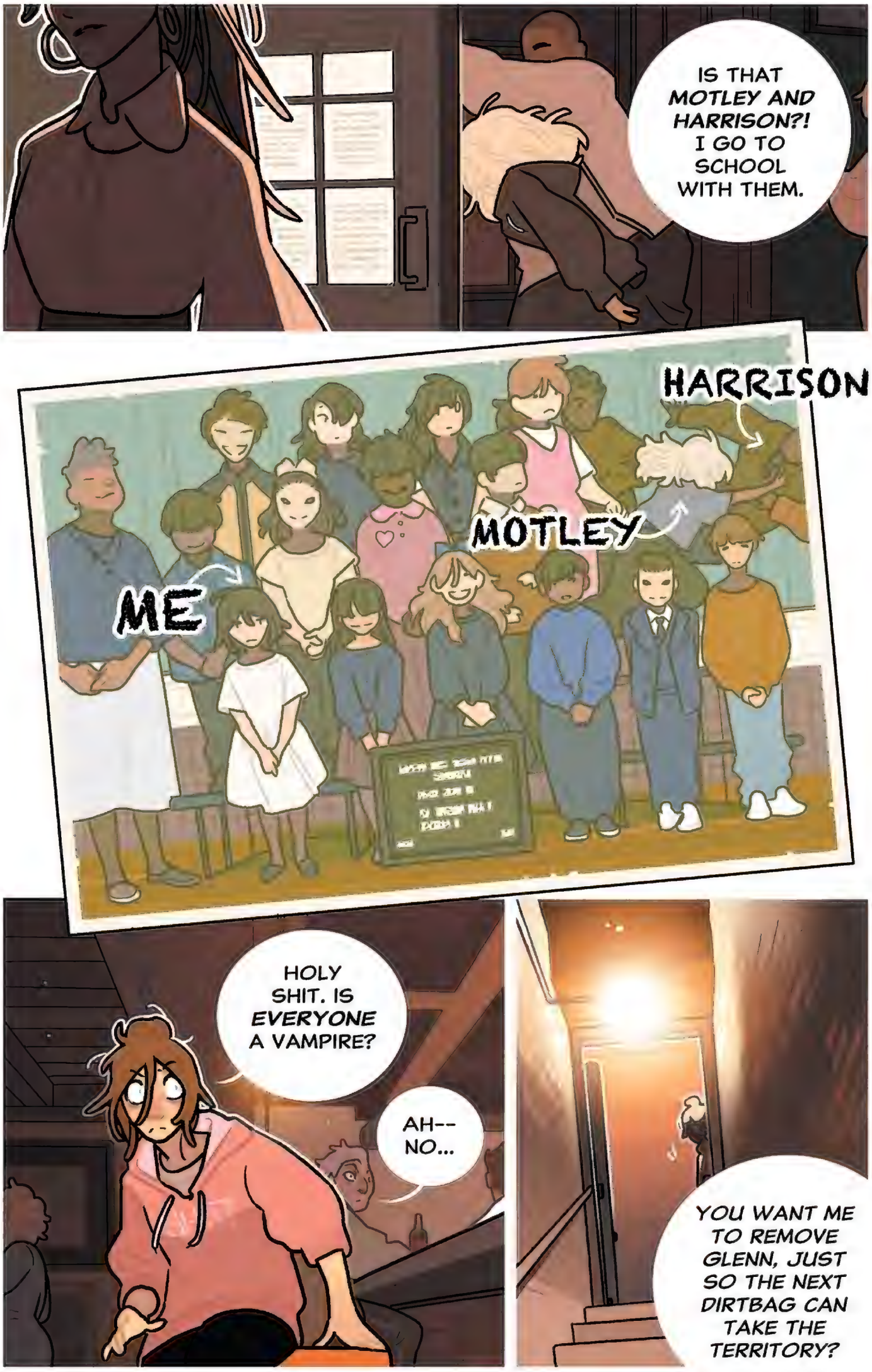
SNIF
SNIF?

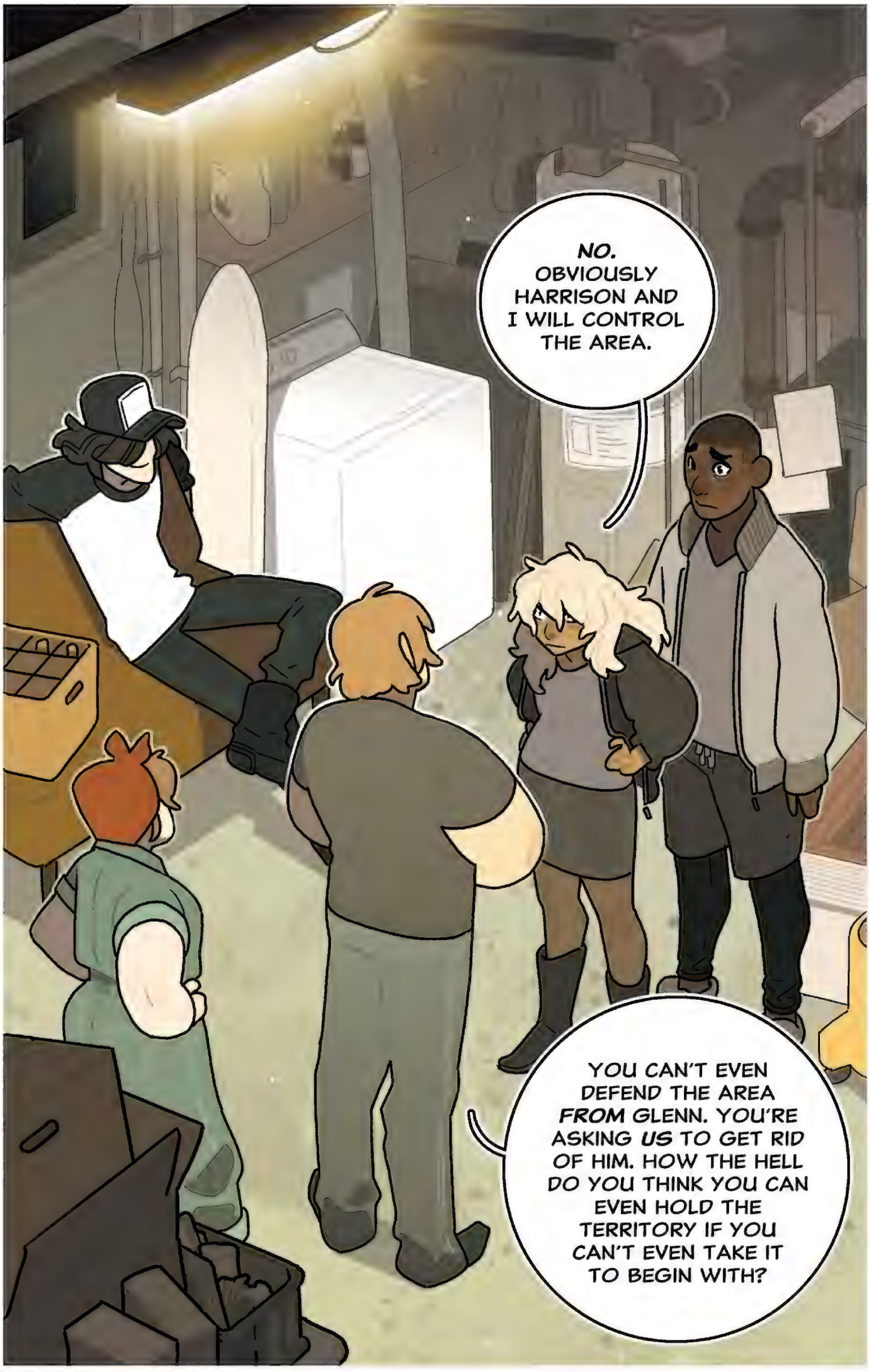
WHAT'RE YOU HERE FOR?
UNDEAD 101?
BESS.
ASHLEY.


DON'T SUPPOSE YOU ACTUALLY REMEMBER THE DYING PART?
IT'S... BLURRY.
SHAME. I WOULD HAVE LOVED TO HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT.
EXCUSE ME?
YOU'RE NOT A VAMPIRE.
WHAT?
VAMPIRES SMELL LIKE IRON AND DIRT. GHOULS SMELL LIKE DEAD LEAVES.
YOU SMELL LIKE DEAD LEAVES.
I AM A FREAKING ZOMBIE?
NOT QUITE. STILL THE WALKING DEAD, JUST NOT THE "BRAAAINS" KIND.
GREAT!


ARE YOU SURE I'M NOT A VAMPIRE? THE TWO GUYS I MET SEEMED TO BE PRETTY SURE I WAS. LIKE, A BIG GUY AND A GOTH TRUCKER?
THAT'D BE GUS AND DMITRI. THEY HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO ENCOUNTER THE FEW OTHER COLD DEAD THINGS THAT ARE STILL WALKING.
YOU, FRIEND, ARE A SPARKLY, UNDEAD UNICORN.
AGAIN-- GREAT.
...ARE UNICORNS...?
YES. AND THEY'RE [redacted]
HOW DID THIS EVEN HAPPEN? CAN IT UN-HAPPEN? WHAT'S UP WITH MEAT? AND COCONUT WATER?
bounce
bounce
DEAD MEAT'S YOUR BREAD AND BUTTER NOW. FOR SOME REASON, COCONUT WATER IS A VIABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. IT CANNOT UN-HAPPEN. BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS WHY IT HAPPENS IN THE FIRST PLACE.


WHAT DO YOU MEAN "NO ONE KNOWS"? SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW. WE LIVE IN THE ERA OF THE INTERNET. WE HAVE WIKIPEDIA. SOMEONE KNOWS.
SWEETIE, I'VE BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME, AND NO ONE KNOWS. IT'S KIND OF WHY I ASKED IF YOU REMEMBERED HOW IT HAPPENED.
HONESTLY, PEOPLE BARELY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING WHEN THEY'RE ALIVE.
WHAT MADE YOU THINK DEATH WOULD BE ANY DIFFERENT?
I DON'T KNOW, I JUST--
JUST--


IS THAT MOTLEY AND HARRISON?! I GO TO SCHOOL WITH THEM.
HARRISON
MOTLEY
ME
HOLY SHIT. IS EVERYONE A VAMPIRE?
AH-- NO...
YOU WANT ME TO REMOVE GLENN, JUST SO THE NEXT DIRTBAG CAN TAKE THE TERRITORY?


NO. OBVIOUSLY HARRISON AND I WILL CONTROL THE AREA.
YOU CAN'T EVEN DEFEND THE AREA *FROM* GLENN. YOU'RE ASKING *US* TO GET RID OF HIM. HOW THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU CAN EVEN HOLD THE TERRITORY IF YOU CAN'T EVEN TAKE IT TO BEGIN WITH?

SCREW YOU!
I TOLD YOU THIS WAS A STUPID IDEA. BITERS AREN'T WORTH *SHIT*.
BUT--
AW, PUPPY, DON'T BE LIKE THAT--
SNARL

HEEL, PUPPY...
I'M NOT A FUCKING DOG!!!
GRK!!
MOT--!

NOW. IF WE CAN JUST CALM--
SLAM!
...
SIGH
ROOOOAR!

CALL THE POLICE. DON'T CALL THE POLICE. CALL THE POLICE. DON'T--

I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY!
I'M SORRY!
S'OKAY.
ZHHHHHH!
MOTHER--
BEAR MACE WORKS ON VAMPIRES!
BEAR MACE TEMPORARILY WORKS ON VAMPIRES.
GRABBY!

LISTEN, KID--
--DO--
--NOT--
pull
BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG
&N@!%--!
BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG BRNG
BOYS!
DON'T BE MAD! IT WASN'T US!

THAT WAS LUCKY.
THAT WAS *ME.*
LET'S GO!
WELL, THAT *SUCKED.*
TRULY.
HOW AM I GIVING YOU A RIDE?

YOU WENT ALONG WITH IT!
WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA?
WHAT WERE YOU EVEN TRYING TO DO?
I DON'T KNOW, ASHLEY. WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO DO?
ERM.
YOU'RE NOT A VAMPIRE. YOU DON'T SMELL LIKE DIRT.
N-NO. I'M--
I'M--
YOU'RE HUMAN, RIGHT?
DON'T LIE. WE CAN HEAR YOUR HEARTBEAT.

YES. YES, I AM.
Ba-bump Ba-Bump
WERE YOU TRYING TO GET TURNED INTO A VAMPIRE? I'M SORRY. THEY'LL NEVER TAKE YOU NOW.
WHATEVER. WHO WANTS TO BE A *BITER* ANYWAY.
WE DID YOU A *FAVOR.*
YOU'RE BETTER OFF STAYING SQUISHY.

--I CANNOT BELIEVE I GOT MACED BY THE BABY VAMP.
BESS NOT A VAMPIRE!
GUS. GUS. GUS. WE GOTTA RETALIATE. MESS WITH THEM. JUST A LITTLE SPOOKUM. A SMALL SCARE. IT'LL MAKE ME FEEL BETTER.
I THINK I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING...
FRIEND OF MINE FOUND *THIS* IN THE APPALACHIANS.
OH-HO-HO!

SO, WEREWOLVES ATTEND COMMUNITY COLLEGE.
THE WAY I SEE IT, I CAN EITHER TRY TO AVOID THEM LIKE THE PLAGUE...
...OR I CAN MINE THEM FOR INFORMATION. THEY HAVE TO KNOW STUFF, RIGHT?
BUT THEN I'D HAVE TO HANG OUT WITH THEM.
UGH
SOCIALIZING.

IT'S NOT THAT I HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST PEOPLE. I CAN PLAY NICE. I'VE WORKED RETAIL.
IT'S JUST... PEOPLE ARE SO MUCH *WORK*. IT NEVER CAME INTUITIVELY TO ME. IT NEVER *OCCURRED* TO ME TO BE LONELY OR TO NEED PEOPLE OR TO CULTIVATE RELATIONSHIPS.
AND I LIKE MY OWN COMPANY JUST FINE.
...BUT MAYBE THAT'S WHERE I SCREWED UP.

AND WE JUST LEAVE IT HERE?
WE JUST LEAVE IT HERE.
IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL, IT SHOULD GIVE THE PUPPIES A FUN LITTLE TIME.
IT'S NOT, LIKE, DANGEROUS THOUGH, RIGHT?
RELAX. IT'S MOSTLY HORSE. HOW DANGEROUS CAN IT BE?
NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG

TWILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE
HOME GAME
Home of th
I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE NOT A GIANT WALKING BRUISE RIGHT NOW.
MAKEUP. A MODERN MARVEL.

ARE YOU GOING TO TRY AND THREATEN US? BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE DUMB.
WHAT WOULD YOU EVEN DO IF I WAS?
WE'D EAT YOU.
I MUST BE DAMAGED.
HEY, YOU CHOSE THIS, SQUISHY.
I REALLY DIDN'T.

?
OH MY GOD, COME ON!
MAYBE. MAYBE I JUST *FOUND* THE RACCOON LIKE THIS.
LIKE THAT'S EVEN ANY *BETTER*.
EW.

WEREWOLVES ARE REAL. VAMPIRES ARE REAL. I AM REAL.
HRM.

SNIFF SNIFF?
HM.
WELL, AT LEAST THIS ONE'S ALREADY DEAD...

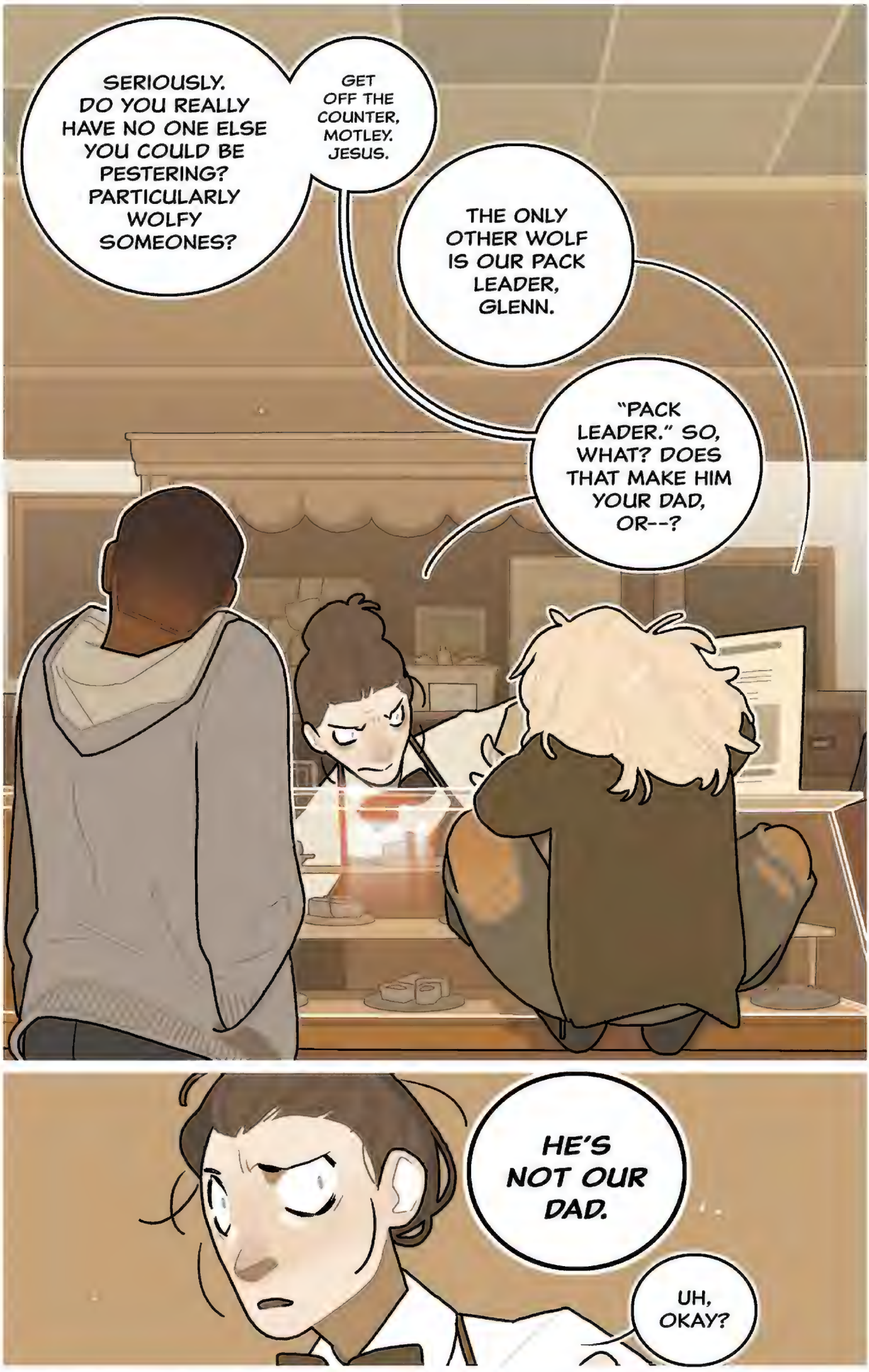
SSING
WELCOME TO SWEET TOOTH! HOW CAN I--

Cli- click

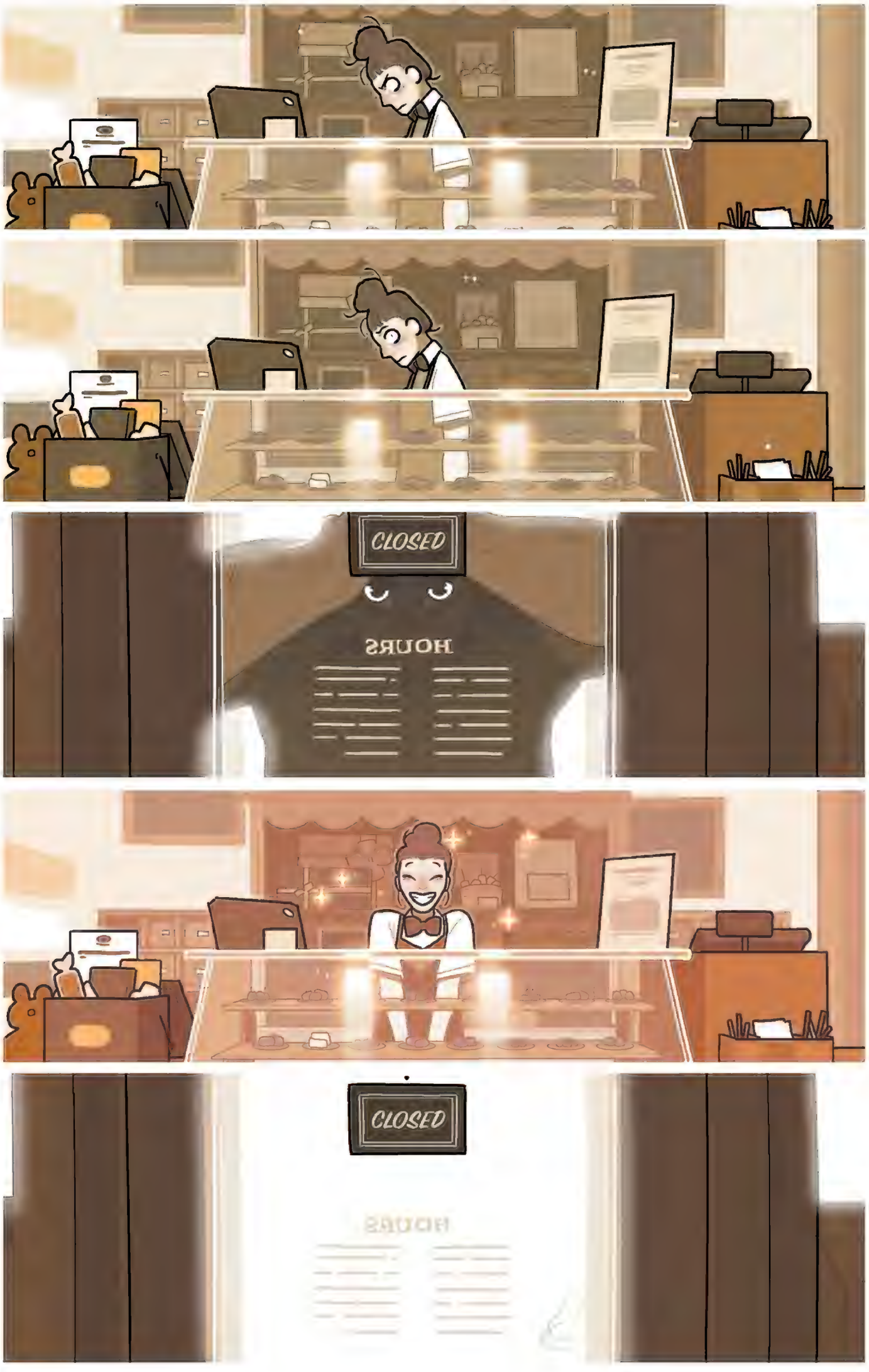
SNERK.
GETTING A LITTLE CHUMMY, ARE WE?
HEY, YOU SAT WITH US FIRST, SQUISHY.
DO WE GET SAMPLES?

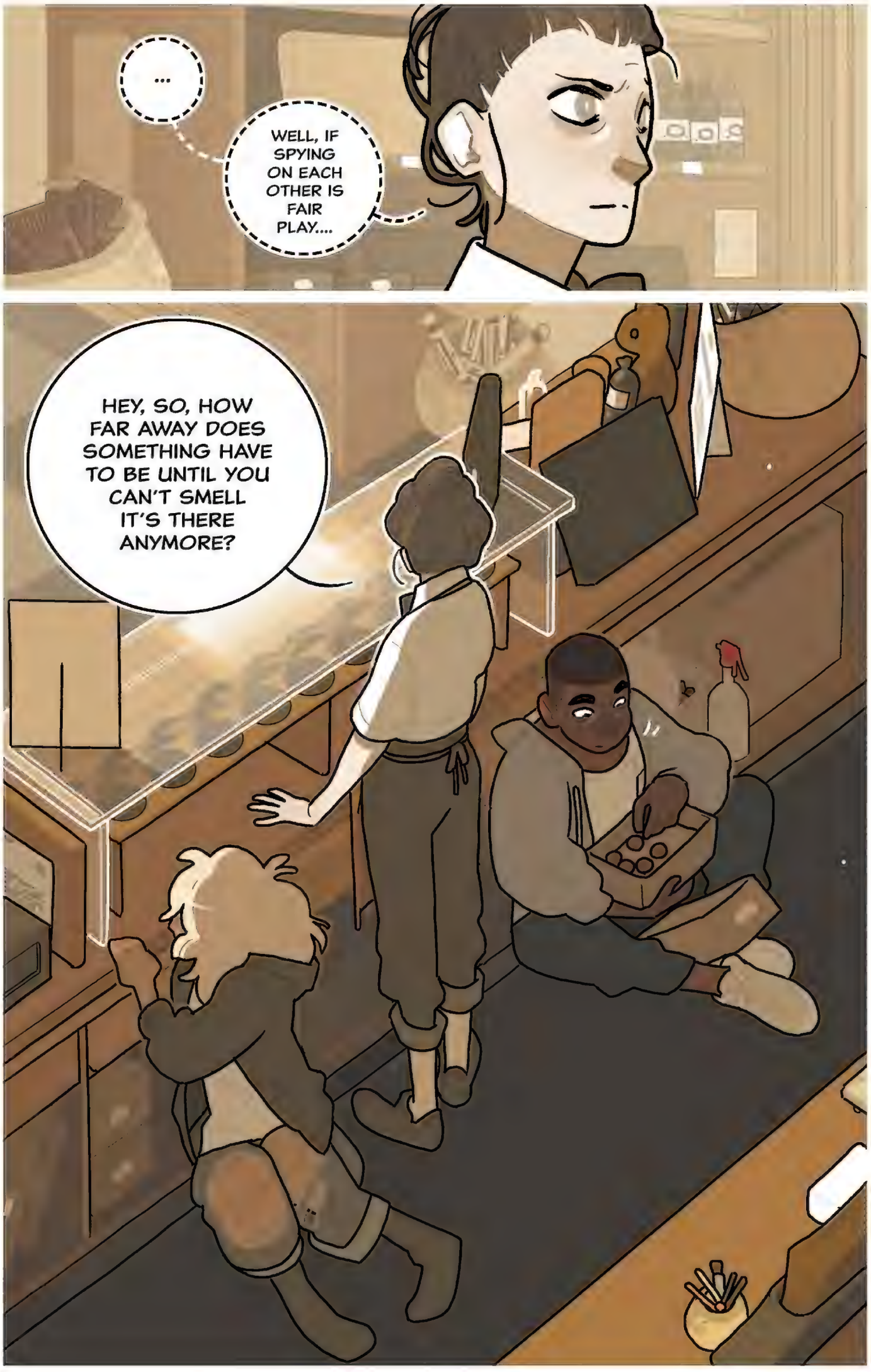
WERE YOU OUT TERRORIZING THE LOCAL WILDLIFE LAST NIGHT?
ALWAYS.
CAN I HAVE ROCKY ROAD NEXT?
DON'T YOU GUYS HAVE A HOUSE YOU COULD BE AT?
YEAH, BUT YOURS IS NICER.

AND YOU KNOW THAT *HOW?*
JUST MAKING SURE YOU DON'T SAY SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T.
YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T NORMAL, RIGHT?
WHERE ARE YOUR PARENTS, ANYWAY? WE, LIKE, NEVER SEE THEM.
MY *MOM.* AND SHE'S IN...AUSTIN THIS WEEK. I THINK.
YOU *THINK?*
I LOSE TRACK. SHE'S AWAY FROM HOME MORE NOW THAT I'M A LEGAL ADULT. WORK.


SERIOUSLY. DO YOU REALLY HAVE NO ONE ELSE YOU COULD BE PESTERING? PARTICULARLY WOLFY SOMEONES?
GET OFF THE COUNTER, MOTLEY. JESUS.
THE ONLY OTHER WOLF IS OUR PACK LEADER, GLENN.
"PACK LEADER." SO, WHAT? DOES THAT MAKE HIM YOUR DAD, OR--?
HE'S NOT OUR DAD.
UH, OKAY?

IT'S KIND OF A WHOLE--
SPEAKING OF! SHIT! HIDE!
NO! NO! YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED! GET BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE! I WILL GET FIRED! I HAVE CAR PAYMENTS!

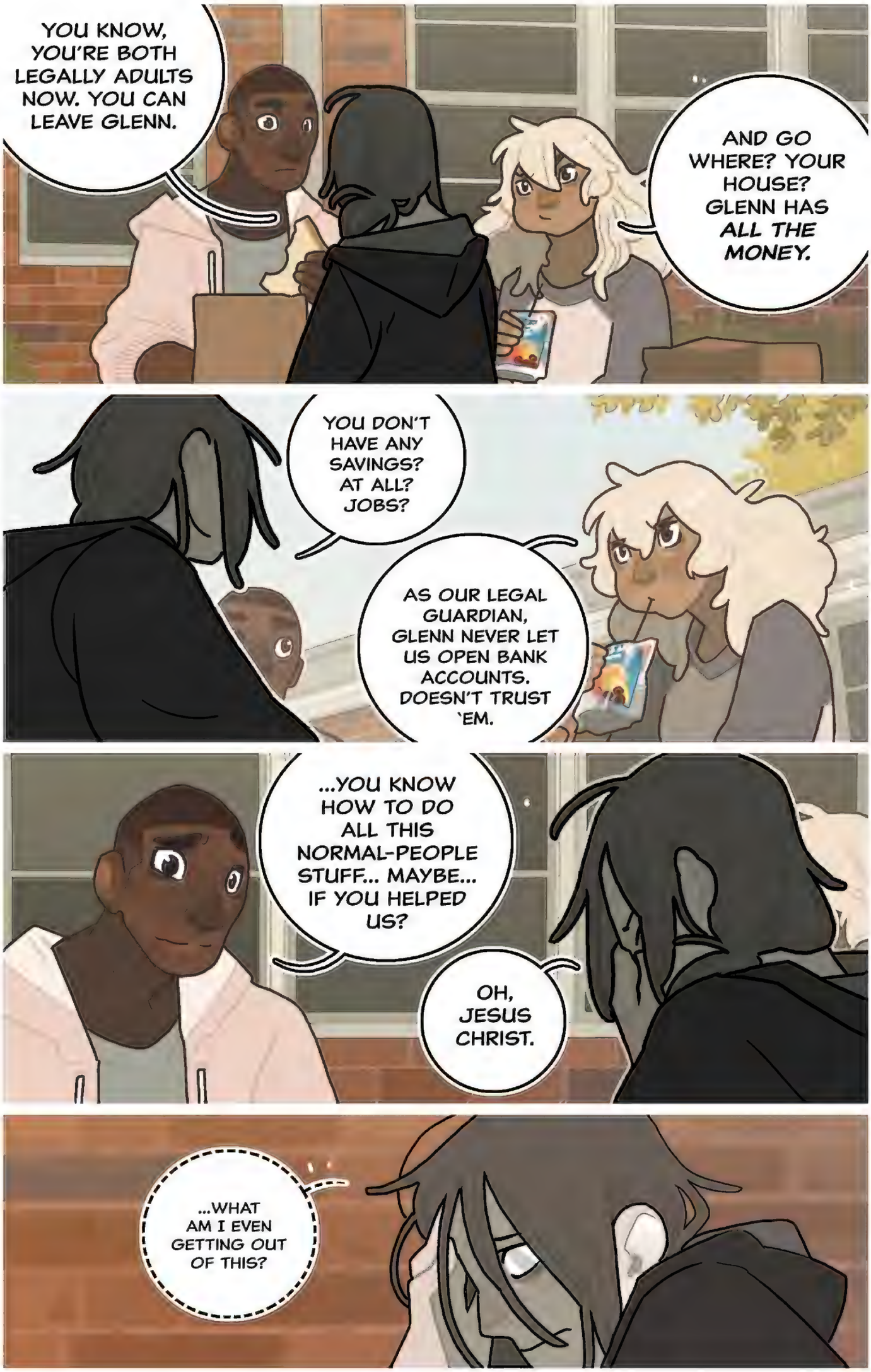

CLOSED
HOURS
CLOSED


...
WELL, IF SPYING ON EACH OTHER IS FAIR PLAY....
HEY, SO, HOW FAR AWAY DOES SOMETHING HAVE TO BE UNTIL YOU CAN'T SMELL IT'S THERE ANYMORE?

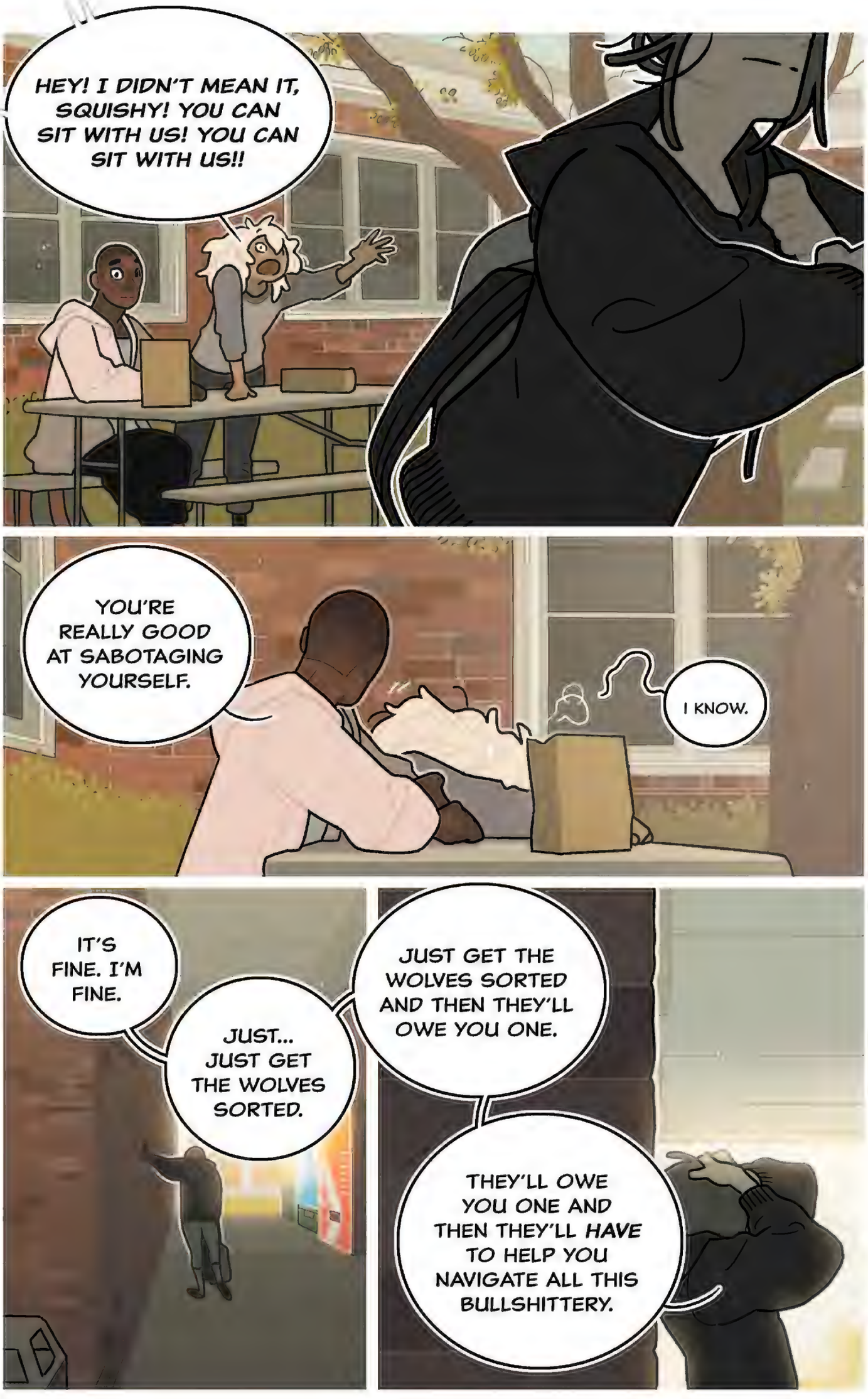
THE ANSWER, FRIENDS, IS A MILE.
ON A GOOD DAY.

BECAUSE THIS ISN'T CREEPY OR WEIRD AT ALL.
WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING, ASHLEY?
ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT, ACCORDING TO MOTLEY AND HARRISON, GLENN IS JUST SOME SHIT WEREWOLF. DOESN'T MEAN HE'S AWFUL. DOESN'T MEAN HE CAN HURT YOU.
...DOESN'T MEAN THAT HE HURTS *ANYBODY*.

...
...GOD, THIS IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS.


YOU KNOW, YOU'RE BOTH LEGALLY ADULTS NOW. YOU CAN LEAVE GLENN.
AND GO WHERE? YOUR HOUSE? GLENN HAS *ALL THE MONEY.*
YOU DON'T HAVE ANY SAVINGS? AT ALL? JOBS?
AS OUR LEGAL GUARDIAN, GLENN NEVER LET US OPEN BANK ACCOUNTS. DOESN'T TRUST 'EM.
...YOU KNOW HOW TO DO ALL THIS NORMAL-PEOPLE STUFF... MAYBE... IF YOU HELPED US?
OH, JESUS CHRIST.
...WHAT AM I EVEN GETTING OUT OF THIS?

?
WHAT?
I GUESS THEY'RE PLANNING A CANDLELIGHT VIGIL FOR THOSE TWO GUYS THAT WENT MISSING A FEW MONTHS BACK.
AFTER ALL THIS TIME? YEAH, THEY'RE DEFINITELY DEAD.
...
WERE YOU FRIENDS?
PSH. HAVE YOU MET US? WE'RE NOT FRIENDS WITH ANYONE, SQUISHY.


HEY! I DIDN'T MEAN IT, SQUISHY! YOU CAN SIT WITH US! YOU CAN SIT WITH US!!
YOU'RE REALLY GOOD AT SABOTAGING YOURSELF.
I KNOW.
IT'S FINE. I'M FINE.
JUST... JUST GET THE WOLVES SORTED.
JUST GET THE WOLVES SORTED AND THEN THEY'LL OWE YOU ONE.
THEY'LL OWE YOU ONE AND THEN THEY'LL HAVE TO HELP YOU NAVIGATE ALL THIS BULLSHITTERY.

HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO START A BASIC ACCOUNT?
FIRST BANK
HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED FOR A DEPOSIT?
ARE YOU HIRING?
SIGH. YES, THEY HAVE A RIDE.
YOU'RE NOT AS SNEAKY AS YOU THINK YOU ARE.

G-GLENN.
OH? SO YOU DO KNOW ME.
MAYBE FROM MY KIDS, MOTLEY AND--
I SWEAR I HAVEN'T TOLD A SOUL.
!
OHYOU DIDNOT KNOW.
DID SOME LITTLE SHITS SAY SOMETHING THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE?
I WILL SCREAM. I WILL SCREAM, AND THIS IS A PUBLIC PLACE IN DAYLIGHT HOURS AND THAT WILL ABSOLUTELY NOT GO WELL FOR YOU.

...
SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT--
C'MON, C'MON, C'MON, C'MON!

HEY--
DID GLENN NOT KNOW THAT I KNEW?
OH SHIT.
HOW BAD IS THIS FOR ME?
WHERE ARE YOU? IS HE FOLLOWING--
KINNEY. NORTH ON KIN--
CHRK
!!!

BAM

HAVEN'T HAD TO DO THIS FOR A WHILE.
DANGER.
SAFETY?
SAFETY?
SAFETY.
CANNOT GET TO SAFETY. PLAN? LEAD THREAT AWAY FROM SAFETY. CIRCLE BACK. GO-GO-GO-GO!!!

GIVEN...MY NEW STATUS, I HAVE BEEN DOING SOME... SHOPPING. FOR EMERGENCIES.
GENDER REVEAL POWDER CANNON: $16. AMAZON.

KNUCKLE DUSTER: $20.
BEAR MACE: $60.
PERSONAL ALARM: $30.
KNIFE: $45.
NIGHTSTICK: $35.
WHERE-WHERE-WHERE-WHERE--
--SHIT!!
FREEDOM RINGS SMOKE GRENADE PACKAGE: $70.
BOOM!

BOOM!
BOOM!
CLICK?
CLICK?
CHIRP!
CHIRP!

CLICK?
CLICK?
CHIRP!
CHIRP!

SO THE QUESTION IS--
--DO I LEAVE ENOUGH OF THIS NOSY LITTLE HUMAN FOR ANYONE TO FIND?

GOD-
DAMMIT,
GLENN!
YOU
RUIN
EVERYTHING!

K-KISCH
RR-RR-RR

HARRISON!
MOTLEY!

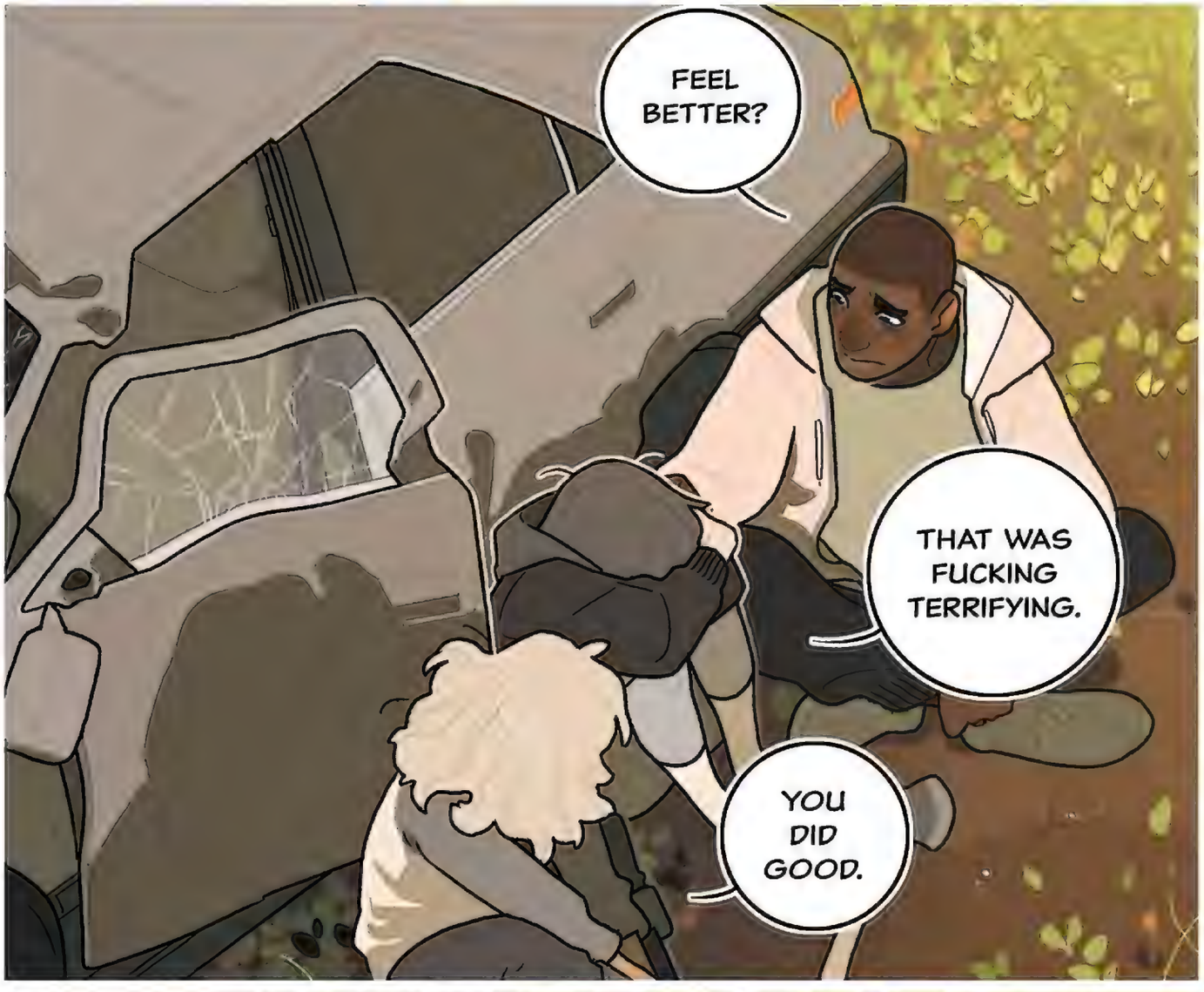
KRK...
KRK...
KRrK...
krrrkk...
NNN.
RRRRR--!
!?!
THUNK!

AXES. AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL HARDWARE STORE.
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS NOW.
DON'T THINK YOU CAN JUST--
THUNK
HERE'S. WHAT. HAPPENS.
YOU LEAVE. FOREVER.
BUT GIVE US THE CODE TO THE HOUSE SAFE FIRST!

AND YOU GET TO KEEP YOUR HEAD.
...
YOU DON'T HAVE THE--
SHIT! SHIT! OKAY!

ASHLEY?

HOLY SHIT, ASHLEY. THAT WAS SERIOUSLY BAD--
--ASS...
AHHHHHHHHHHHH


FEEL BETTER?
THAT WAS FUCKING TERRIFYING.
YOU DID GOOD.

SHAME YOUR CAR GOT COMPLETELY FUCKED, THOUGH.
(HAD NOT HAD TIME TO PROCESS THAT.)

ARE YOU GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?
CALL US LATER, OKAY?

HEY!

YOU'RE NOT AS SNEAKY AS YOU THINK YOU ARE.
NO!
(HE WASN'T THERE. HE WASN'T THERE. HE WASN'T THERE.)

WHAT DO WE DO IF GLENN COMES BACK?
CUT OFF HIS HEAD.
BODIES ARE HARD TO GET RID OF, MOTLEY.
...
BODIES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE HARD TO GET RID OF.

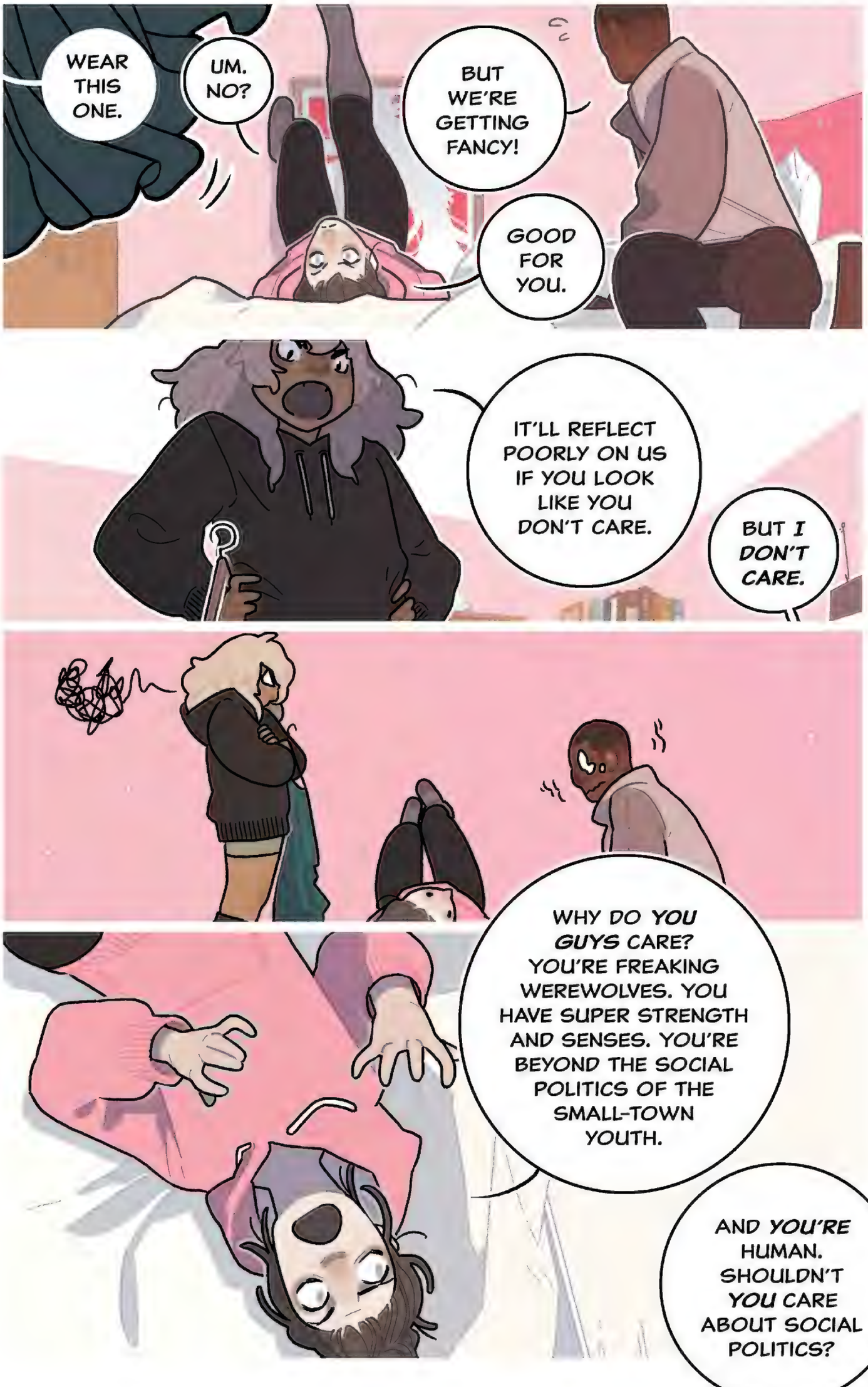
Chirp Chirp
Chir--
...I JUST WANT IT ALL TO STOP.

...THIS IS PROBABLY AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY.
VAMPIRES ARE REAL. WEREWOLVES ARE REAL. LET'S SEE IF WITCHCRAFT IS REAL, TOO.
PROTECTION RUNE
PLEASE LET THE INTERNET BE RIGHT ABOUT SOMETHING.

HEY.
HENRY JONES IS HAVING A PARTY.
COOL?
WE WANNA GO.
OKAY. WELL. IT'S THE WEEKEND, AND YOU ARE OF LEGAL AGE, SO HAVE FUN?
WE CAN GO?

I'M NOT YOUR KEEPER.
...
WE'VE NEVER BEEN TO A PARTY. COME WITH. BE OUR SENSEI.
PLEASE, NO.
...

WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE WOODS ANYWAY?
PUTTING UP PROTECTION RUNES.
...I THINK.
YOU THINK?
WELL, WE WON'T ACTUALLY KNOW IF THEY WORK UNLESS THEY KEEP GLENN FROM COMING BACK.
OR UNTIL WE FIND A REAL WITCH.
(WITCHES ARE A THING, RIGHT?)
GLENN THOUGHT SO.
OR GLENN MIGHT NEVER COME BACK ANYHOW, AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW IF THEY WORKED FOR SURE EITHER WAY.
ASHLEY
LOOK, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS HOW TO PROTECT OURSELVES?

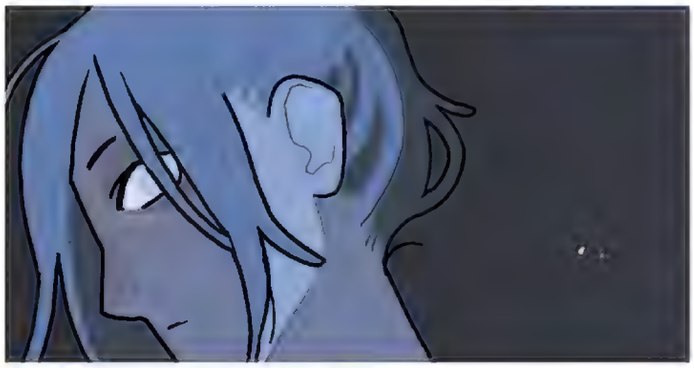

WEAR THIS ONE.
UM. NO?
BUT WE'RE GETTING FANCY!
GOOD FOR YOU.
IT'LL REFLECT POORLY ON US IF YOU LOOK LIKE YOU DON'T CARE.
BUT I DON'T CARE.
WHY DO YOU GUYS CARE? YOU'RE FREAKING WEREWOLVES. YOU HAVE SUPER STRENGTH AND SENSES. YOU'RE BEYOND THE SOCIAL POLITICS OF THE SMALL-TOWN YOUTH.
AND YOU'RE HUMAN. SHOULDN'T YOU CARE ABOUT SOCIAL POLITICS?

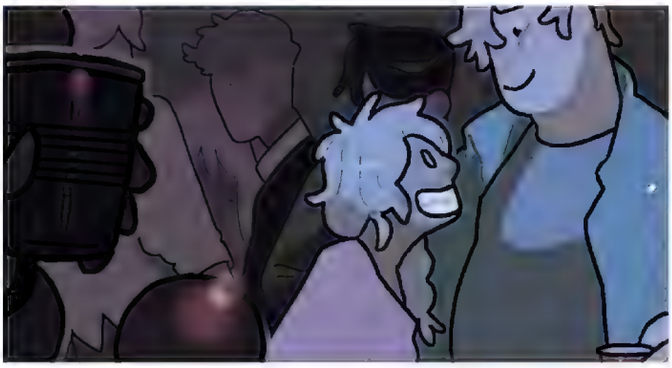
WHAT, SO I, WE, CAN BE POPULAR?
NO. SO WE CAN KISS BOYS.
OH. NOT INTERESTED.
GIRLS THEN?
ALSO NO.
FINE. BUT YOU'RE STILL WEARING THAT.

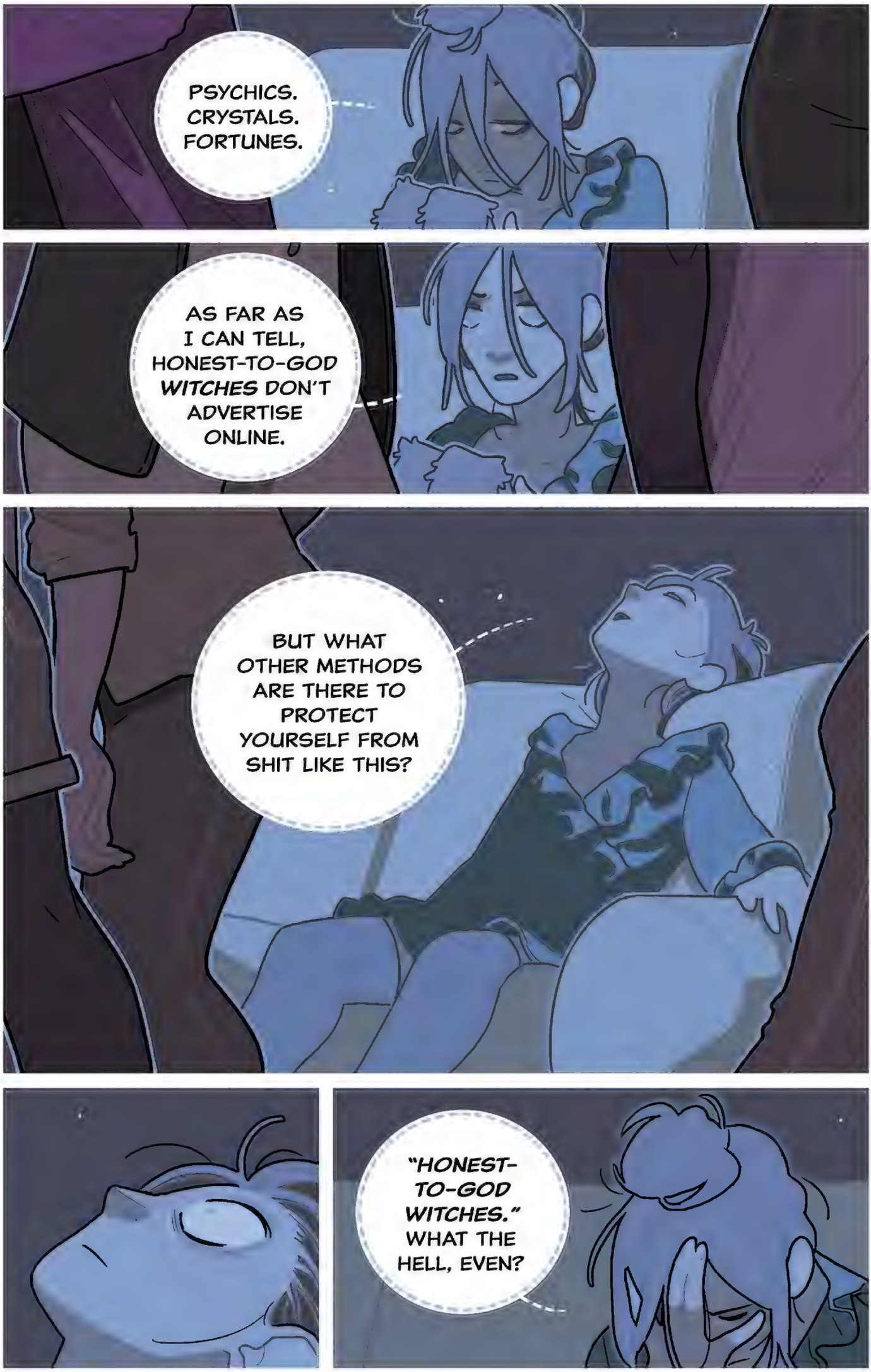
Hmph.
THAT GOING TO BE A PROBLEM?
NO, BECAUSE WE'RE NOT FIVE. AT MOST, IT'LL MAKE US TWITCHY.
WE ARE PERFECTLY IN CONTROL OF OURSELVES.
WHAT IF THERE'S BEER?

I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH ALCOHOL THAT WOULD ACTUALLY TAKE.
OOO. HOMEWORK. WE SHOULD PRACTICE. YOU KNOW, FOR SCIENCE.
PLEASE--
--BEHAVE.

HEYYY--
I AM ONLY HERE TO KEEP OTHER PEOPLE FROM MAKING BAD DECISIONS. MOVE ALONG.






PSYCHICS. CRYSTALS. FORTUNES.
AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, HONEST-TO-GOD *WITCHES* DON'T ADVERTISE ONLINE.
BUT WHAT OTHER METHODS ARE THERE TO PROTECT YOURSELF FROM SHIT LIKE THIS?
"HONEST-TO-GOD WITCHES." WHAT THE HELL, EVEN?

grumble
Ha ha HA!

HEY!
HEY.
RRRR-!!!
WHAT THE SHIT?!

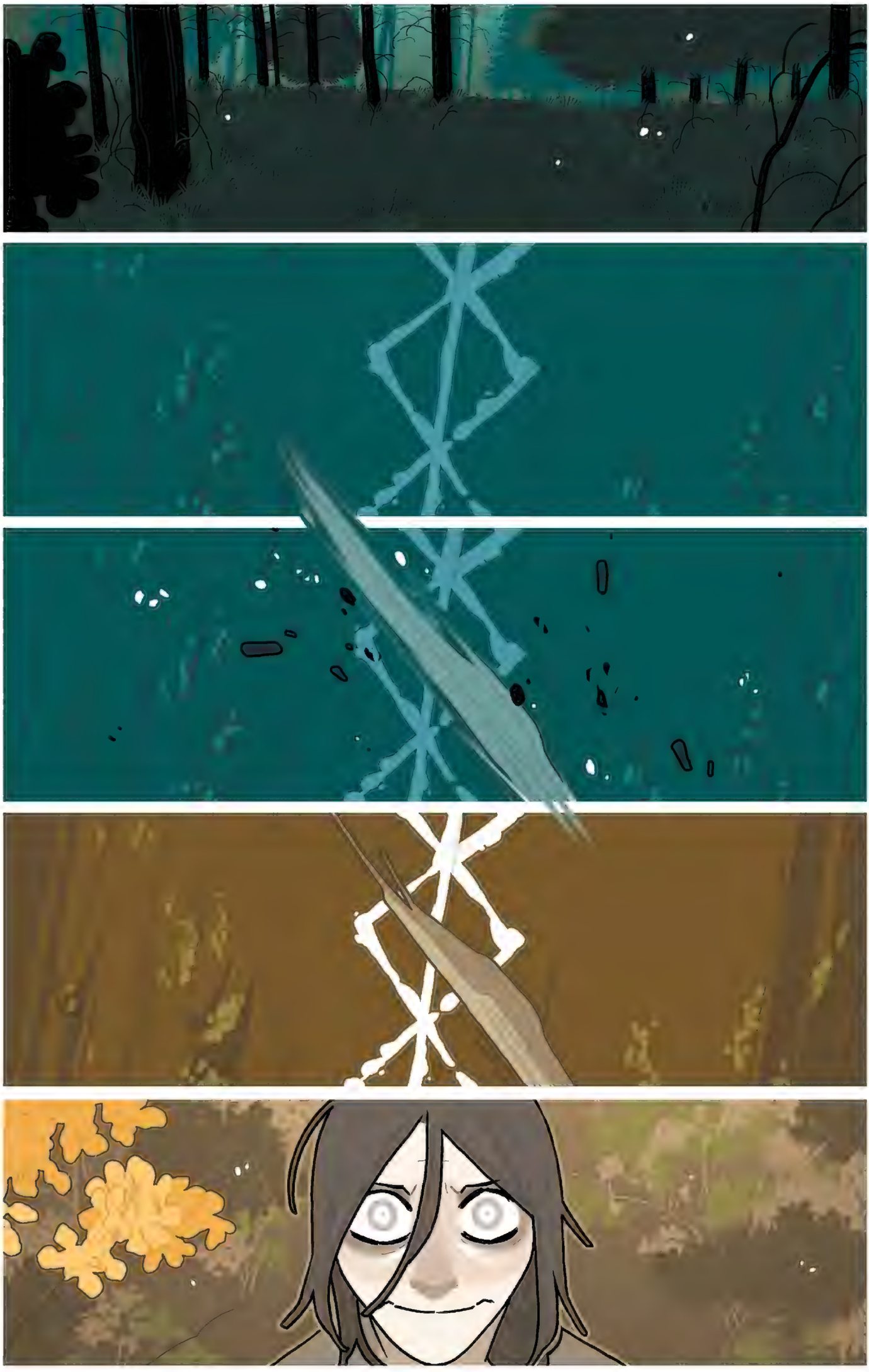
JESUS!!!
(OH, I AM TOO HIGH FOR THIS SHIT.)

WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU SAY?!
(HOW THE HELL DID YOU EVEN HEAR ME?)
IT'S FINE, MOTLEY.

FU--
SQUEE SQUEE
PUT THE FANGS AWAY, MOTLEY. YOU PROMISED YOU HAD MORE CONTROL THAN THAT.
HE'S A--
DICK. IT'S JOSH FREAKIN' JENNER. WE'VE ALL KNOWN HIM SINCE MIDDLE SCHOOL. HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A DICK. THIS IS NOT NEWS.

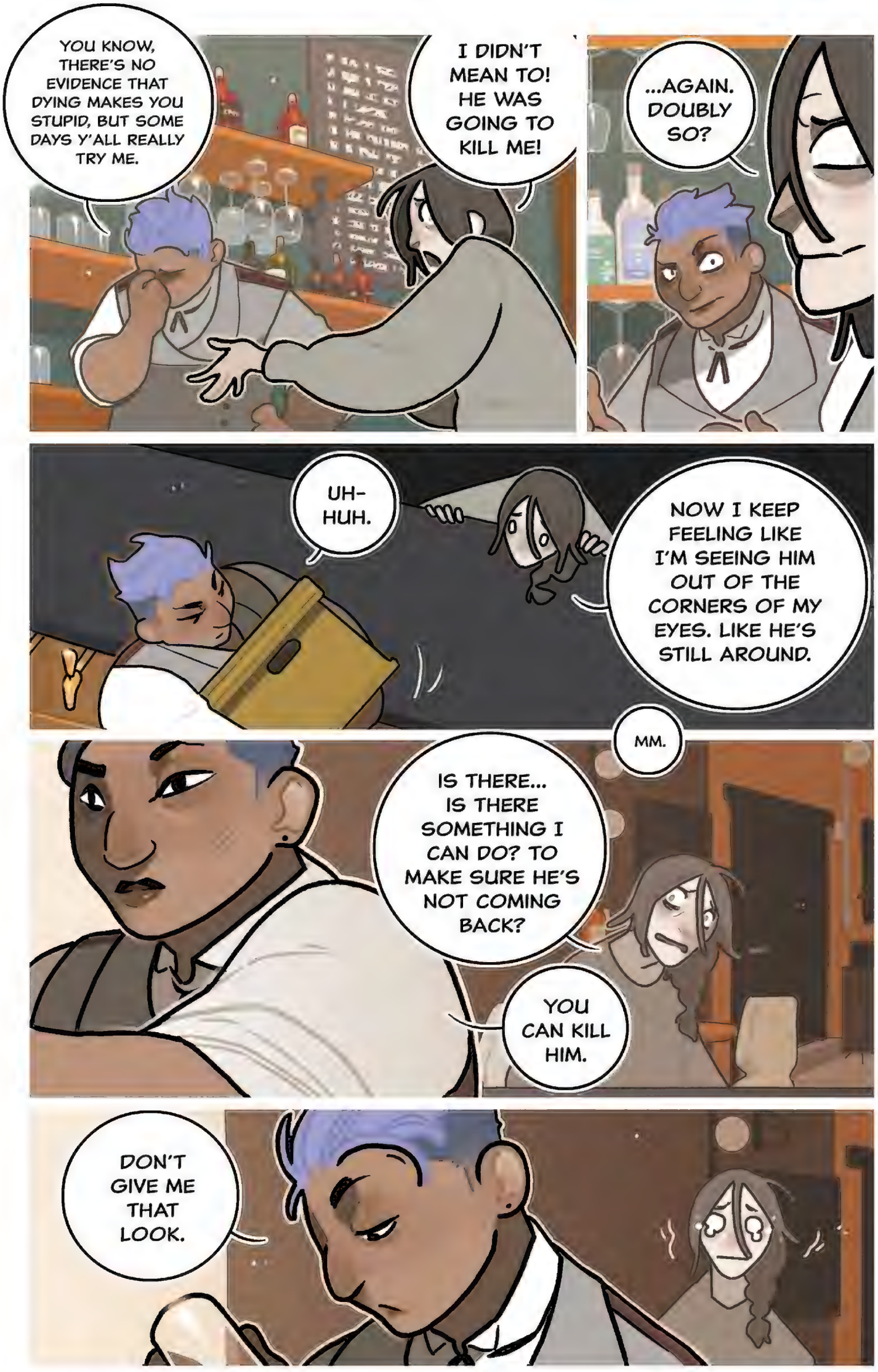
MOTLEY, LET'S GO.
TV SAID PARTIES WERE SUPPOSED TO BE FUN.

BUMP
BUMP!



UH. IS BESS HERE?
OH SHIT! HIDE! HIDE!

HEY, BESS.
ASHLEY, RIGHT? WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK? GONNA PULL THE FIRE ALARM AGAIN?
SORRY ABOUT THAT...
NEVER AGAIN, YEAH?
YES, MA'AM.
SO. WHAT'S THE CRISIS?
WHY WOULD THERE BE A CRISIS?
...I MAY HAVE PISSED OFF A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL WEREWOLF POPULATION.


YOU KNOW, THERE'S NO EVIDENCE THAT DYING MAKES YOU STUPID, BUT SOME DAYS Y'ALL REALLY TRY ME.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO! HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!
...AGAIN. DOUBLY SO?
UH-HUH.
NOW I KEEP FEELING LIKE I'M SEEING HIM OUT OF THE CORNERS OF MY EYES. LIKE HE'S STILL AROUND.
MM.
IS THERE... IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN DO? TO MAKE SURE HE'S NOT COMING BACK?
YOU CAN KILL HIM.
DON'T GIVE ME THAT LOOK.

KID. YOU'RE PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE NOW. GHOULS ARE... RIDICULOUSLY HARD TO PUT DOWN. THE ONLY PERSON WHO'S ACTUALLY A THREAT TO ANYONE, INCLUDING YOU, IS YOU.
I'M NOT DANGEROUS!
UH-HUH. HEY, ASHLEY--
--HOW'D YOU DIE?
...WHY IS THAT RELEVANT?

I HEARD A COUPLE OF BOYS FROM YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS WENT MISSING A WHILE BACK. AND THEN, NOT LONG AFTER, YOU WANDER INTO MY BAR, FRESHLY UNDEAD AND NOT KNOWING SHIT. WEIRD TIMING, HMM?
I DON'T KNOW THE POINT YOU ARE TRYING TO MAKE.
ASHLEY--
--YOU'VE BEEN EATING, RIGHT?
I HAVE TO GO.
HMM.
AND WHAT HAVE YOU TWO CHUCKLEHEADS BEEN UP TO?

BREAKING AND ENTERING IS GENERALLY FROWNED UPON.
WHATEVER. WHERE YOU BEEN, SQUISHY? WE MISSED YOUR FACE.

ARE YOU SICK?
YES.
DON'T LIE. YOU'D SMELL DIFFERENT IF YOU WERE SICK.

WHAT DO I SMELL LIKE?
KINDA LIKE FALL. SAME AS YOU HAVE EVER SINCE WE STARTED HANGING.
MM.
NO MORE MOPING! WE WANT TO HANG!
AUGH!
YOU'RE JUST NOT RIGHT!

WHY ARE WE HERE, MOTLEY?
WE'RE HAVING FUN! THIS IS A THING NORMAL PEOPLE DO, RIGHT? TELEVISION SAID SO!
SOME PEOPLE. YEAH.
BUT NOT ME.
IT'S IMPORTANT TO FOSTER OUTSIDE RELATIONSHIPS.
WELL, YOU DO NOW! GOD, YOU'RE MORE ANTISOCIAL THAN WE ARE.

HEY, SQUISHY. WHAT'S THE APPEAL OF THIS?
THE BEER DOESN'T EVEN TASTE GOOD.
GODDAMMIT, MOTLEY.

ASHLEY?
MMPH!
gurgle
Rrr-rrr-rrr
NGH.
CRAMPS. BLOOD. UTERO BUSINESS. GOING HOME.
ASHLEY?

Rrr--
-Kricht-

CHRISTMAS TREE BAGS.
BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD A BODY. EVEN HAVE WHEELS.
(I HATE THAT I'M ACTUALLY GETTING GOOD AT SHIT LIKE THIS.)
Woop Woop

WHAT'CHA GOT THERE, MISS MOORE?
CHRISTMAS TREE.
A LITTLE EARLY, ISN'T IT?
...
...
SO CAN I GO, OR...?
OPEN THE BAG, MISS MOORE.
(BUT WHY, THOUGH?)

YOU GOT A LICENSE TO KILL THAT DEER?
HAHAHA! I MEAN. CLEARLY I DIDN'T KILL IT!
HM. RIGHT. DEFINITELY AN ANIMAL ATTACK.
...
I DIDN'T KILL THIS DEER, RIGHT? I DON'T REMEMBER KILLING THIS DEER. I WAS WITH MOTLEY AND HARRISON AND THEN I BLINKED AND THERE WAS A DEAD DEER. DID I KILL THIS DEER? I KNEW WHERE IT WAS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I KILLED IT, RIGHT? I WAS JUST FOLLOWING THE SMELL.
RIGHT?
zipppppp
STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY YOU'RE DRAGGING IT AWAY.

....MEEEAT?

MEAT.
YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU'RE GOING TO EAT MEAT OF UNKNOWN ORIGINS?
IS THAT... LEGAL?
ASHLEY.
YOU KNOW THERE'S A WHOLE MOVEMENT OF PEOPLE WHO SCAVENGE AND EAT ROADKILL?
ASHLEY, WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?
NASHVILLE.
I THINK.

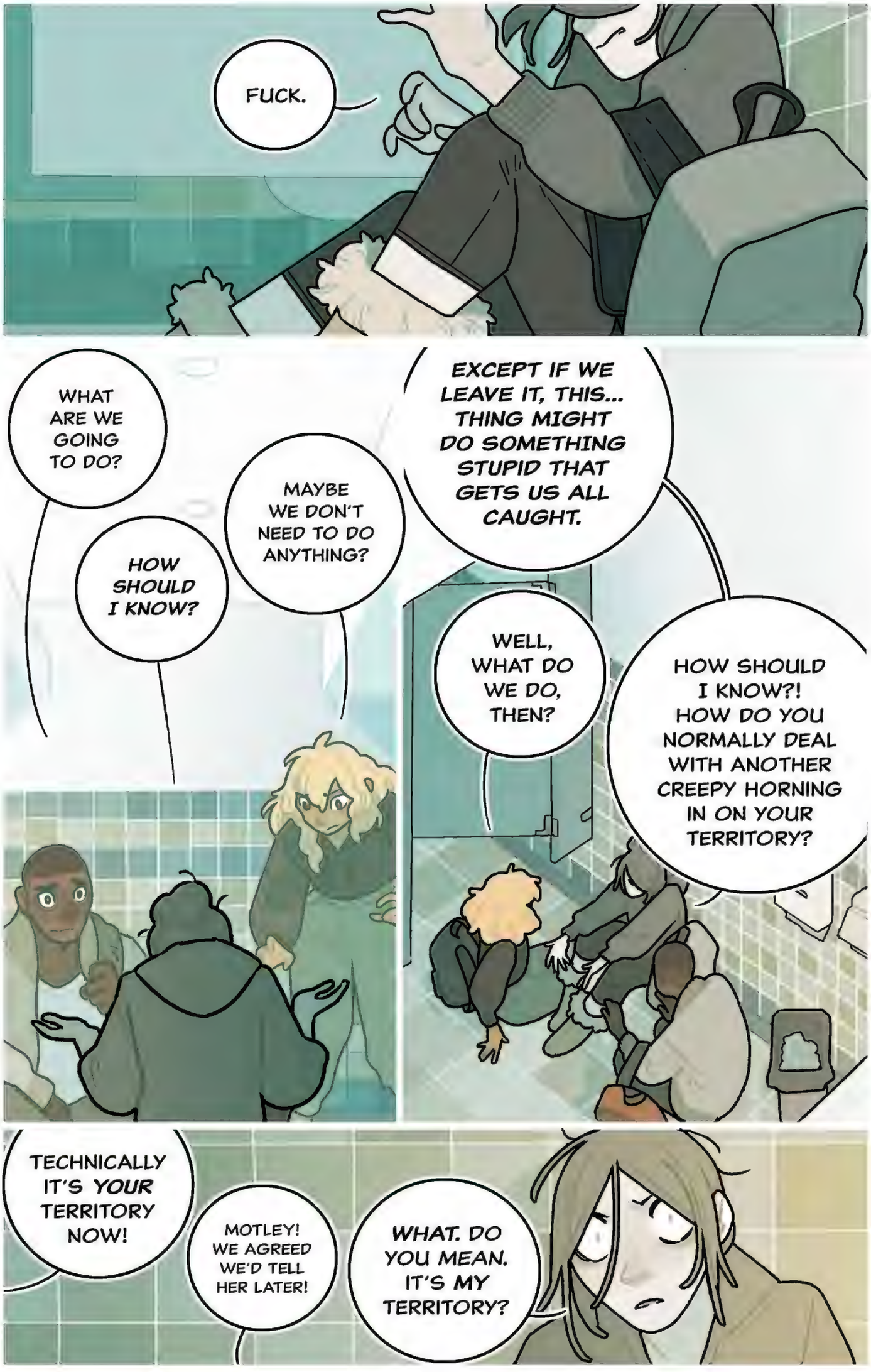
ROADKILL.
BLEH.
WHAT THE HELL?
YOU KNOW, IF YOU WANTED VENISON, WE COULD HAVE EASILY GOTTEN YOU SOME.
OBVIOUSLY, I AM WELL AWARE.
I MEAN, I KNOW YOU HAVE "INSTINCTS" OR WHATEVER, BUT THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME. AND DO YOU REALLY HAVE TO JUST LEAVE THEM IN THE WOODS FOR ANYONE TO FIND?
WHAT?

THE DEER! YOU HAVE BEEN HUNTING! SINCE OCTOBER! YOU ASSHOLES!!

THIS IS THE *GIRLS'* BATHROOM.
SHUSH. ***HOW*** MANY DEER?
FIVE. IN THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS. THAT ***I'VE*** FOUND. WHICH IS A LITTLE EXCESSIVE, DON'T YOU THINK?
(IT'S SO NICE IN HERE.)
AND YOU THINK IT WAS US BECAUSE...?

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?
YOU ADMITTED THAT YOU TERRORIZE THE WILDLIFE THE LAST TIME I ASKED YOU!
IT'S NOT A NORMAL ANIMAL DOING THIS!
SHIT.
IT WASN'T YOU.

NO SHIT. WE'RE NOT *TOTAL* IDIOTS. WE DON'T USUALLY ADVERTISE OUR TERRITORY FOR HUMANS TO FIND.
THEN ...GLENN?
GLENN'S THE ONE THAT *TAUGHT US* NOT TO ADVERTISE OUR TERRITORY.
(OH GOD, IS IT ME?)
WHAT ARE THE CHANCES SOMEONE MIGHT ACTUALLY DIE? LIKE, JUMP FROM DEER TO HUMANS?


FUCK.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
MAYBE WE DON'T NEED TO DO ANYTHING?
EXCEPT IF WE LEAVE IT, THIS... THING MIGHT DO SOMETHING STUPID THAT GETS US ALL CAUGHT.
WELL, WHAT DO WE DO, THEN?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?! HOW DO YOU NORMALLY DEAL WITH ANOTHER CREEPY HORNING IN ON YOUR TERRITORY?
TECHNICALLY IT'S YOUR TERRITORY NOW!
MOTLEY! WE AGREED WE'D TELL HER LATER!
WHAT. DO YOU MEAN. IT'S MY TERRITORY?

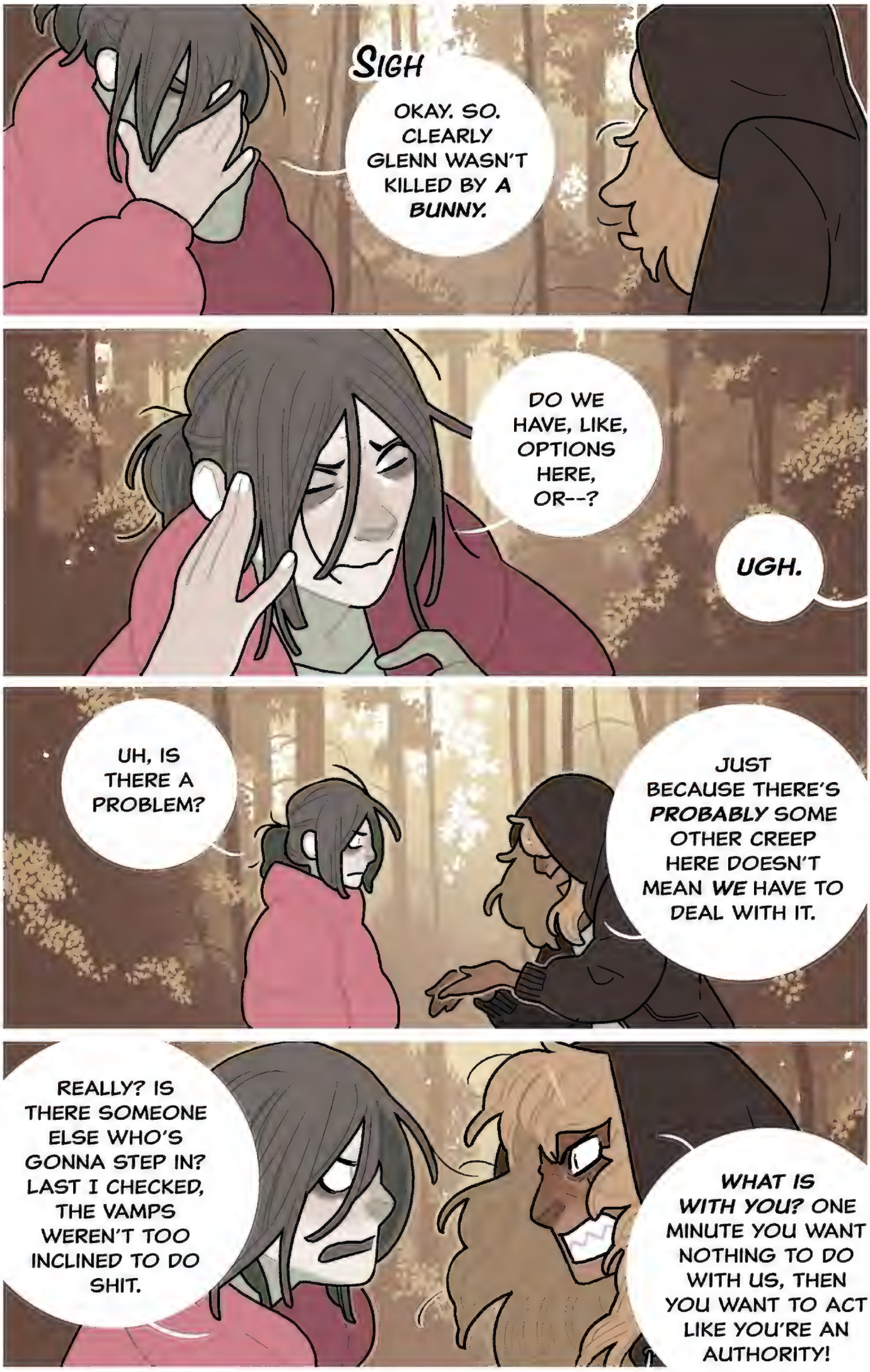
OKAY, SO, WHEN A PACK LEADER IS CHALLENGED FOR THEIR TERRITORY AND LOSES, THE WINNER HAS THE RIGHT TO BECOME THE NEW PACK--
YOU KICKED GLENN'S ASS. YOU'RE PACK LEADER NOW.
NOOOOOOOO
I AM 19 YEARS OLD! YOU NEED AN ACTUAL ADULT!
WE ARE 19 YEARS OLD. WE ARE LEGAL ADULTS.
YOU WANT ME TO FIGHT A MONSTER IN THE WOODS!
YOU FOUGHT GLENN.
AND IT WAS AWFUL!
WE'LL HELP.
I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR PACK LEADER!

FUCK THIS.
DON'T FOLLOW ME.

KRAK

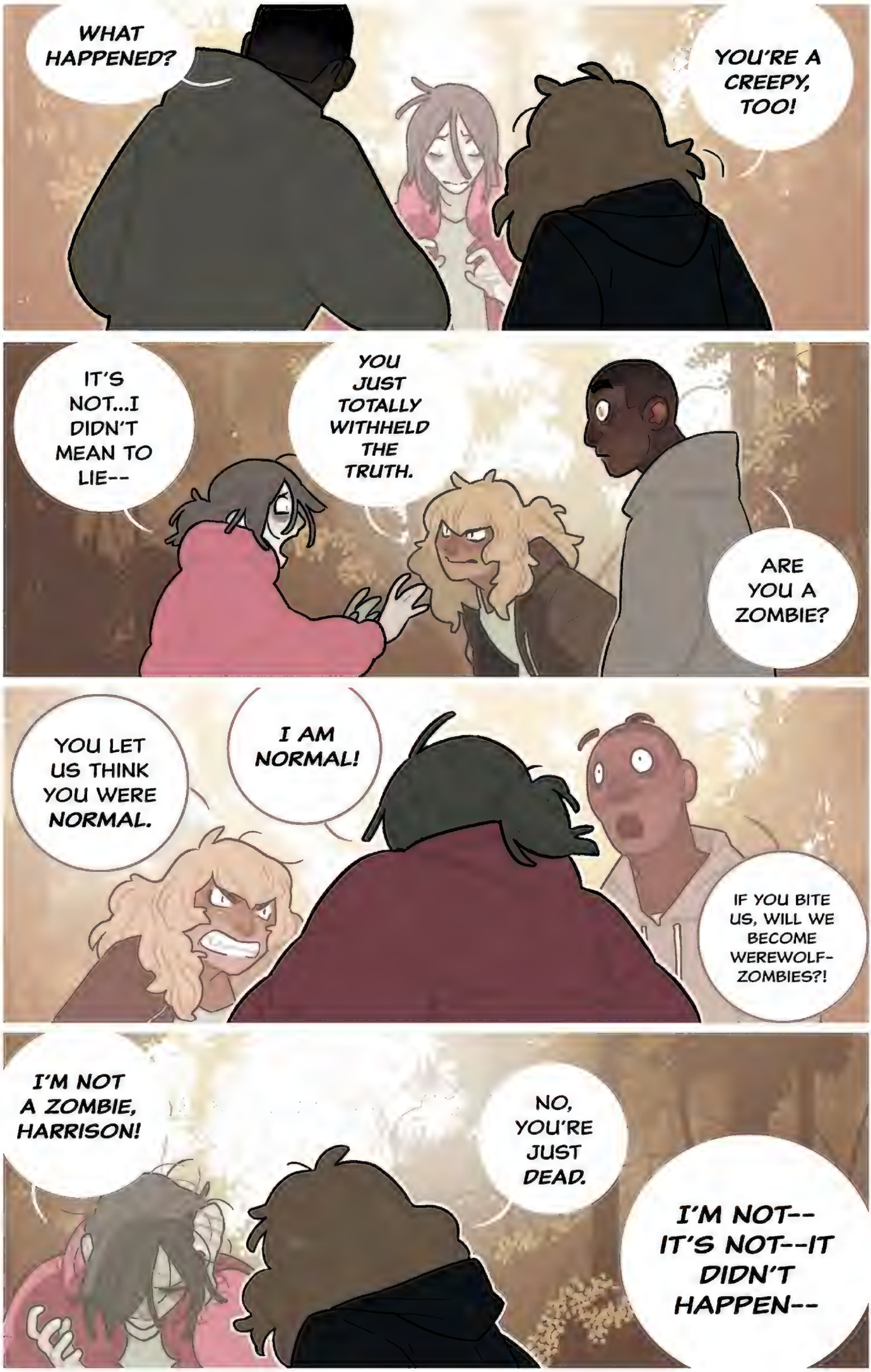
FUCK.
WELL, I GUESS NOW I KNOW I WASN'T PARANOID.
GLENN WAS STILL AROUND.
AND NOW SO IS SOMETHING ELSE.
10
07
11
CAUTION

(STILL DON'T KNOW IF IT'S ME, THOUGH.)
(PLEASE DON'T LET IT BE ME.)
I DON'T REME--
SHIT.
HOW ARE WE FEELING ABOUT THIS?
WE HATED HIM.
IT'S COMPLICATED.
HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?
POLICE SCANNER. YOU?
MS. BABIC TALKS TOO LOUD.


SIGH
OKAY. SO. CLEARLY GLENN WASN'T KILLED BY A *BUNNY.*
DO WE HAVE, LIKE, OPTIONS HERE, OR--?
UGH.
UH, IS THERE A PROBLEM?
JUST BECAUSE THERE'S *PROBABLY* SOME OTHER CREEP HERE DOESN'T MEAN *WE* HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT.
REALLY? IS THERE SOMEONE ELSE WHO'S GONNA STEP IN? LAST I CHECKED, THE VAMPS WEREN'T TOO INCLINED TO DO SHIT.
WHAT IS WITH YOU? ONE MINUTE YOU WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH US, THEN YOU WANT TO ACT LIKE YOU'RE AN AUTHORITY!

R.I.P. ASHLEY'S HEARTBEAT

*gaaaaaaasp
HEL--
NO! HARRISON!
IT'S...
IT'S NOT *OKAY*, IT'S... IT'S...
...JUST NOT *NEW*.


WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'RE A CREEPY, TOO!
IT'S NOT...I DIDN'T MEAN TO LIE--
YOU JUST TOTALLY WITHHELD THE TRUTH.
ARE YOU A ZOMBIE?
YOU LET US THINK YOU WERE NORMAL.
I AM NORMAL!
IF YOU BITE US, WILL WE BECOME WEREWOLF-ZOMBIES?!
I'M NOT A ZOMBIE, HARRISON!
NO, YOU'RE JUST DEAD.
I'M NOT-- IT'S NOT--IT DIDN'T HAPPEN--

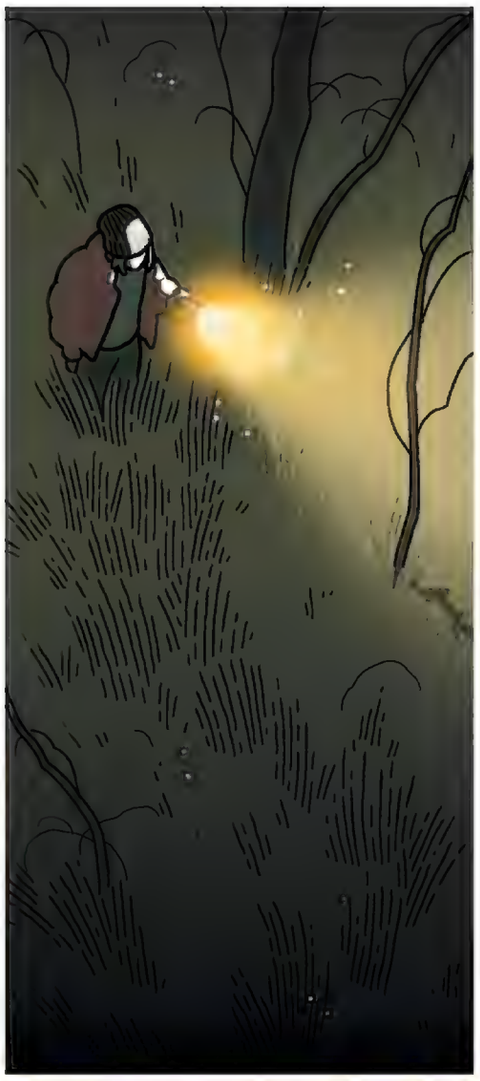
DEAD.
AND A LIAR.

C'MON, HARRISON.

OKAY.
CAN'T DO THE SMART THING ANYMORE.
MIGHT AS WELL DO THE RIGHT THING.

TRUE CRIME HAS PREPARED US FOR THIS.
ANIMALS KILL WHERE THEY'RE COMFORTABLE.
...PEOPLE KILL WHERE THEY'RE COMFORTABLE.
AND THEY ESCALATE WHEN THEY'RE NOT CAUGHT.

SIGH



MOTLEY...
...I KNOW.

RENE PHILIPS IS HAVING A PARTY.
I...
RENE PHILIPS IS HAVING A PARTY, AND I WANT TO LOOK HOT. BUT HARRISON HAS NO SENSE OF STYLE.
...

I CAN'T ACTUALLY EAT THIS.
OH.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?
MERP!
BAM!
...
YOU LOOK HOT.
HOT LIKE I COULD BE FUN? OR HOT LIKE "FUCK OFF"?
YOU KIND OF ALWAYS LOOK LIKE YOU COULD KILL A MAN. MAYBE LEAN INTO IT.

FINE.
YOUR TURN.
WHAT? NO. I'M NOT--
YOU'RE GOING TO THIS PARTY. AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOOK HOT.
YOU'RE NOT JUST REPRESENTING *YOU*. YOU'RE REPRESENTING *US*.
THIS IS ANOTHER PACK LEADER THING, ISN'T IT?
THAT'S WHY YOU GUYS STARTED GETTING ALL FUSSY ABOUT WHAT I WEAR TO PARTIES.
A PUT-TOGETHER PACK LEADER REPRESENTS A PUT-TOGETHER PACK. YOU LOOK GOOD, WE LOOK GOOD.
DID YOU CARE THIS MUCH ABOUT WHAT GLENN WORE?
NO. BECAUSE WE *DID NOT LIKE* GLENN.

YOU KNOW HOW IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYONE ELSE HAS "IT"? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT "IT" IS, BUT YOU CAN FEEL ***"IT'S" MISSING.***

AND IT'S LIKE...YOU KNOW, ***YOU KNOW,*** IF YOU COULD JUST ***GET TO*** THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE ELSE IS, BE THE WAY THEY ARE, THEN YOU'LL GET "IT." YOU'LL BE...FULL.

BUT...WE'RE WOLVES. AND OUR CONTROL IS SHIT, AND WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ***GET TO THOSE PLACES*** WITHOUT IT BEING A RISK.

THEN WE FOUND YOU. AND YOU DIDN'T GIVE UP OUR SECRET. AND...IT WAS LIKE AN "IN," YOU KNOW? IF YOU WERE NORMAL, YOU COULD HELP US DO ALL THE NORMAL KID STUFF THAT WAS ALWAYS OUT OF REACH. THE LIFE OTHER PEOPLE HAVE. SNEAKING OUT TO GET SMASHED IN THE WOODS. HAVING SLEEPOVERS. IF WE HAD WHAT EVERYONE ELSE HAD, ALL OUR PIECES WOULD... FIT PROPERLY.
IT'S DUMB.
IT'S NOT.
I GET IT.
I THINK... TRYING TO PRETEND I WAS STILL... YOU KNOW.
I THINK I WAS CHASING SOMETHING A LOT LIKE THAT.

YEAH.
ARE YOU TWO HUGGING?!
NO. THERE'S NO HUGGING!
WELL, THERE SHOULD BE! YOU'RE HAVING A MOMENT! THERE NEEDS TO BE HUGGING!
STOP MEDDLING!
SIGH WE'RE GONNA GET KICKED OUT.
SIR! SIR! THAT IS THE GIRLS' CHANGING ROOM!

GO. BE FREE AND RECKLESS.

WE'RE GONNA BOLT, RIGHT?
WHERE'S THE BONFIRE?
IN THE WOODS. NOT FAR FROM THE TULLISUND TRAIL.
HEY, I DON'T THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. THERE'S LIKE, A RABID COUGAR OR SOMETHING.
I THINK WE'LL BE FINE.
NO, REALLY. IT'S NOT SAFE.
COOL. YOU CAN JUST STAY HERE, THEN.
REGAN, PAUL, AND A COUPLE OF OTHERS ARE ALREADY OUT THERE.

HARRISON! HARRISON, WE HAVE TO GET TO THE WOODS.
SOME KIDS ARE OUT THERE WITH A FREAKING BONFIRE, AND A BIG BAD MIGHT BE OUT THERE, AND--
LET'S GET MOVING, SQUISHY.

OH, THANK GOD.
DUMBASSES.
WHAT NOW?
STICK AROUND THE PERIMETER, I GUESS. HOPE NOTHING--

WHAT?
OH SHIT.

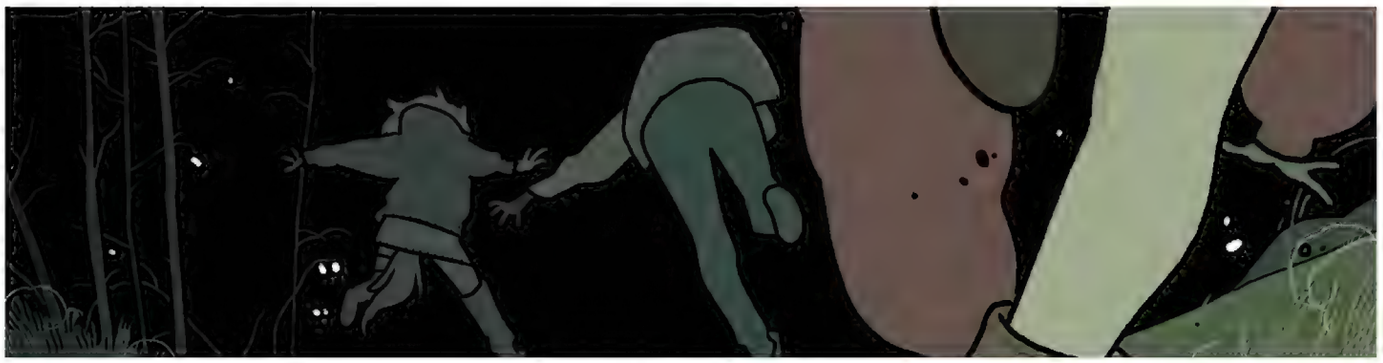
...
MAYBE IT'S A BEAR.
A REALLY STRANGE BEAR.
A *DISEASED* BEAR.
...WITH TOO MANY LEGS.
GODDAMMIT.

tok
LEAD IT AWAY FROM THE DUMBASSES.
ROAA

...WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?

A WHAT?
IT'S CALLED A SPIDER LEGS. IT HAS THE HEAD OF A HORSE AND THE BODY OF A SPIDER. GENE FOUND AN EGG WHILE HIKING UP IN MAINE.
AND YOU JUST LEFT IT HERE?
RELAX. THE TOP HALF'S A HORSE, HOW DANGEROUS CAN IT BE?
AND WHAT? IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE THAT A WEREWOLF GOT TORN APART LAST--?
DMITRI!
Brake!
Brake!
Brake!
Brake!
Brake!

RUNNING, DIPSHITS!
Skreeee



SO, RUNNING IS GOOD! DO WE HAVE A PLAN FOR AFTER THE RUNNING?!
NOT YET!

WELL, THAT'S GONNA BE A PROBLEM. BECAUSE YOU'RE A HELL OF A LOT SLOWER THAN US, SQUISHY!
I AM AWARE!

Urk!

OOF!
ASHLEY!
...SO THIS IS JUST HOW THINGS ARE NOW...

OKAY.
Inhale
THIS IS MY TERRITORY AND MY PACK. YOU ARE TRESPASSING. PLEASE LEAVE.
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!
IT'S WORTH A TRY, RIGHT?

IT'S CLEARLY AN ANIMAL!
SO ARE YOU!
GUYS... WHAT DO WE DO?!

UM. OKAY. IT'S A HORSE.
AND A SPIDER!
YES, BUT--
GAH!
--BUT THE SCARY PART IS THE SPIDER BIT!
HORSES ARE SCARY!
(OKAY. OKAY. TRUE CRIME. YOU WANT TO KILL SOMETHING? HEAD, HEART, OR SPINE.)
HIT THE HEAD, HEART, OR SPINE!

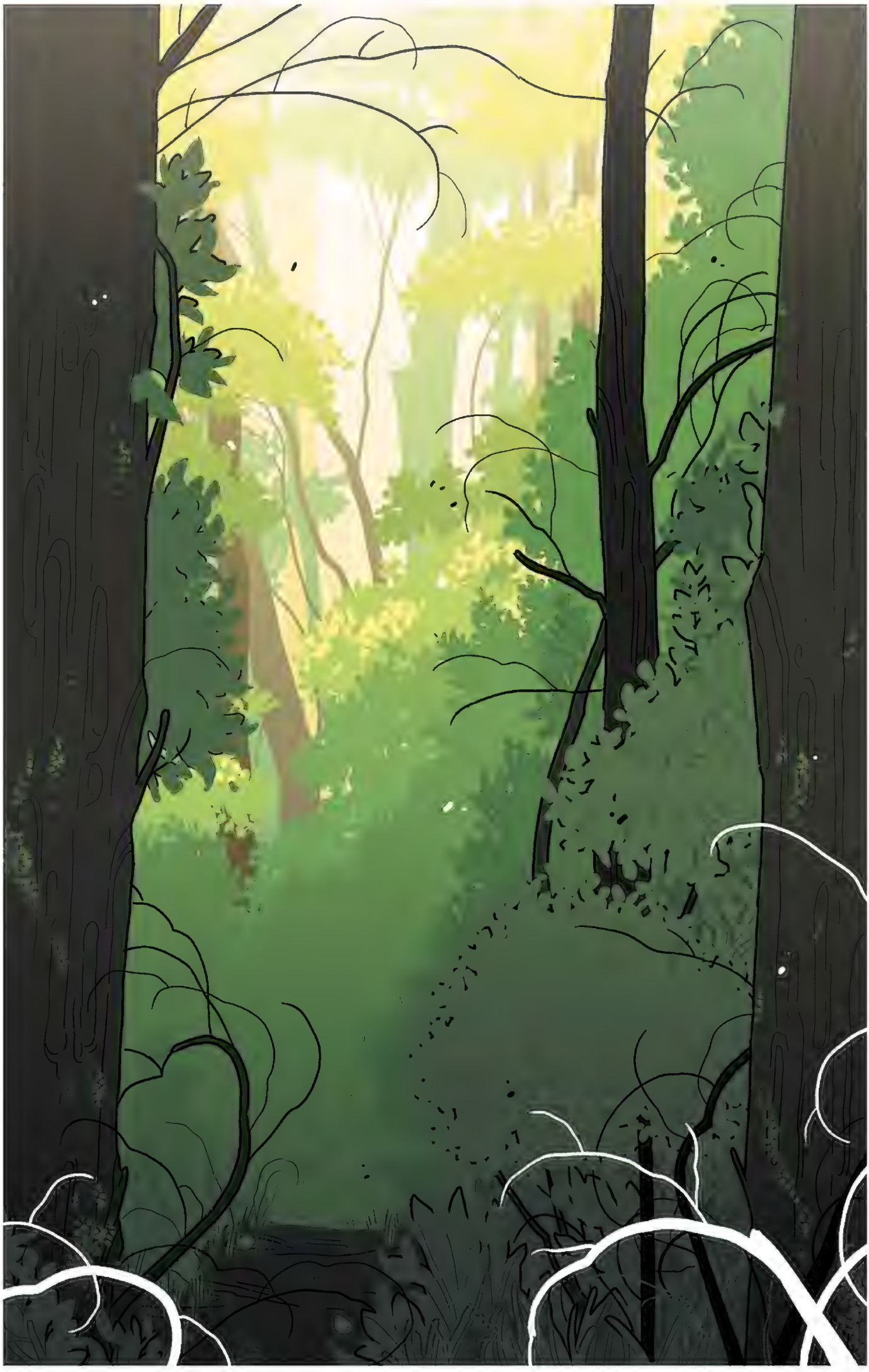
GRRR—
URK!
MOTLEY!
HARRISON! WAIT!

UGH!
(SHIT.)
(BEAR MACE.)
(BEAR MACE.)
(BEAR MACE.)
SHK-!
SRHHHHHHHEEEE!

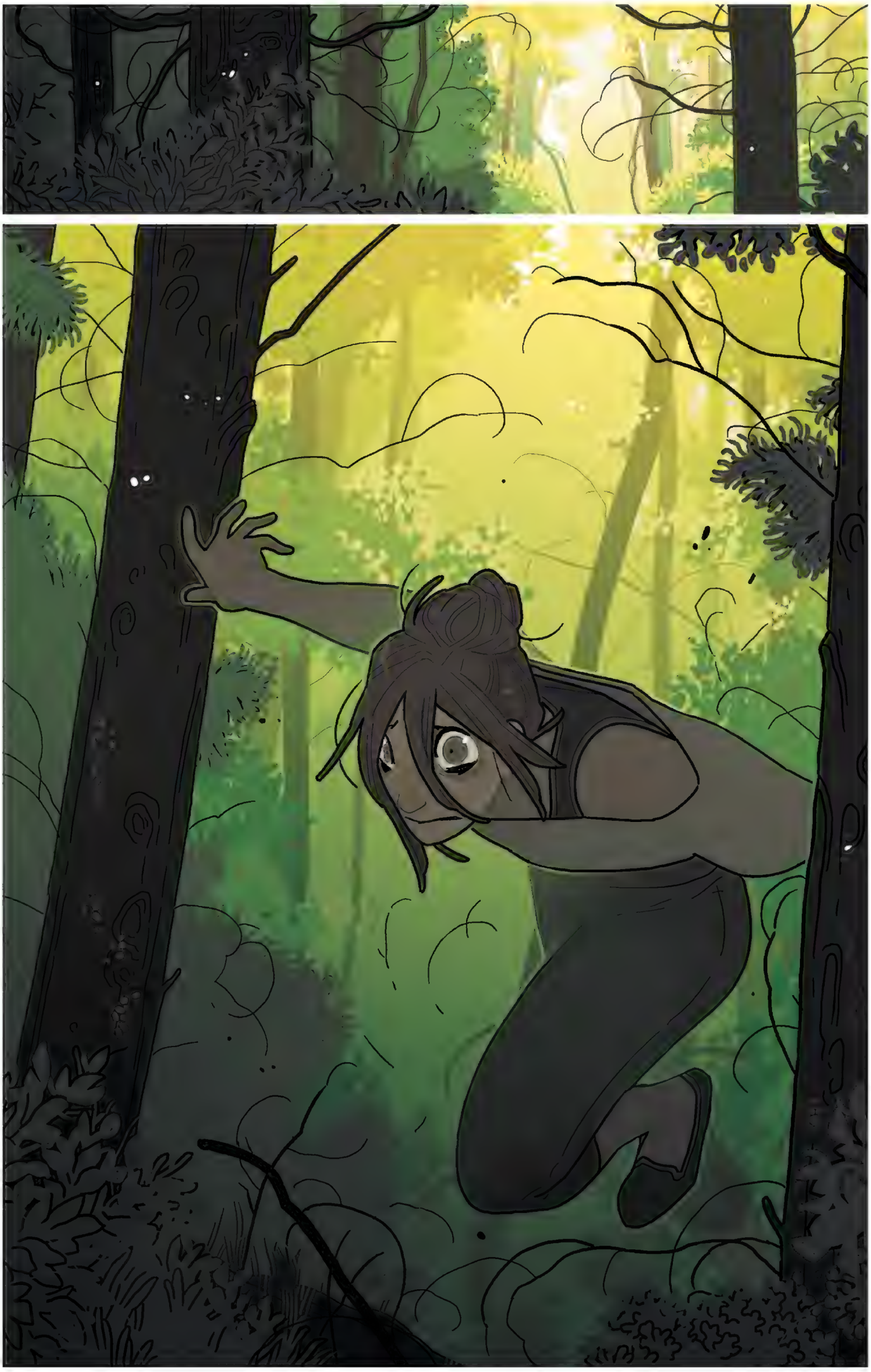
YOU GUYS OKAY?
RUSTLE
UGGGGH.
WORDS? PLEASE?

WE'LL LIVE.
I WANNA KILL IT.
WELL, I DON'T SEE MUCH IN THE WAY OF OTHER OPTIONS--
--SHIT.

WHERE--



HEY!
YOU LIVE AROUND HERE?



Kra-KRAK

...I WISH...IT HADN'T HAPPENED.

shk crnk crk
crk rrr
rRr

Munch krk

RRRRRR!

...OH.

SO DID YOU KNOW YOU HAD A MELEE MODE?
NO.
IT KINDA DIDN'T KICK IN UNTIL YOU WERE REALLY IN TROUBLE.
NO.
IT'S COOL, THOUGH. YOU CALMED DOWN AS SOON AS YOU COULD START EATING. I THINK THAT'S THE KEY TO IT. YOU'RE ONLY REALLY DANGEROUS IF YOU'RE, LIKE, STARVING.
RIGHT! AND THAT'S SO EASY! NO DIFFERENT THAN ANY OTHER DANGEROUS ANIMAL--
Nod
Nod

NO.
NO.
NO-
NO-NO-
NO.

THIS ISN'T WHO I WANTED TO BE.
OH.

HELLO.
IT'S COLD NOW.
IT'S KINDA... ALL I FEEL NOW.
THAT'S YOUR FAULT. I THINK.

I HATE WHAT YOU DID. AND I HATE THAT I WON'T EVER KNOW WHY YOU DID IT.
I HATE THAT KNOWING YOU'RE GONE DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL ANY BETTER. AND I *REALLY* HATE THAT YOU HAVE FAMILY AND FRIENDS AND PEOPLE STILL CARING FOR YOU, BECAUSE YOU *SURE AS SHIT* DON'T DESERVE IT.
I HATE THAT ANY OF THIS HAPPENED AT ALL.

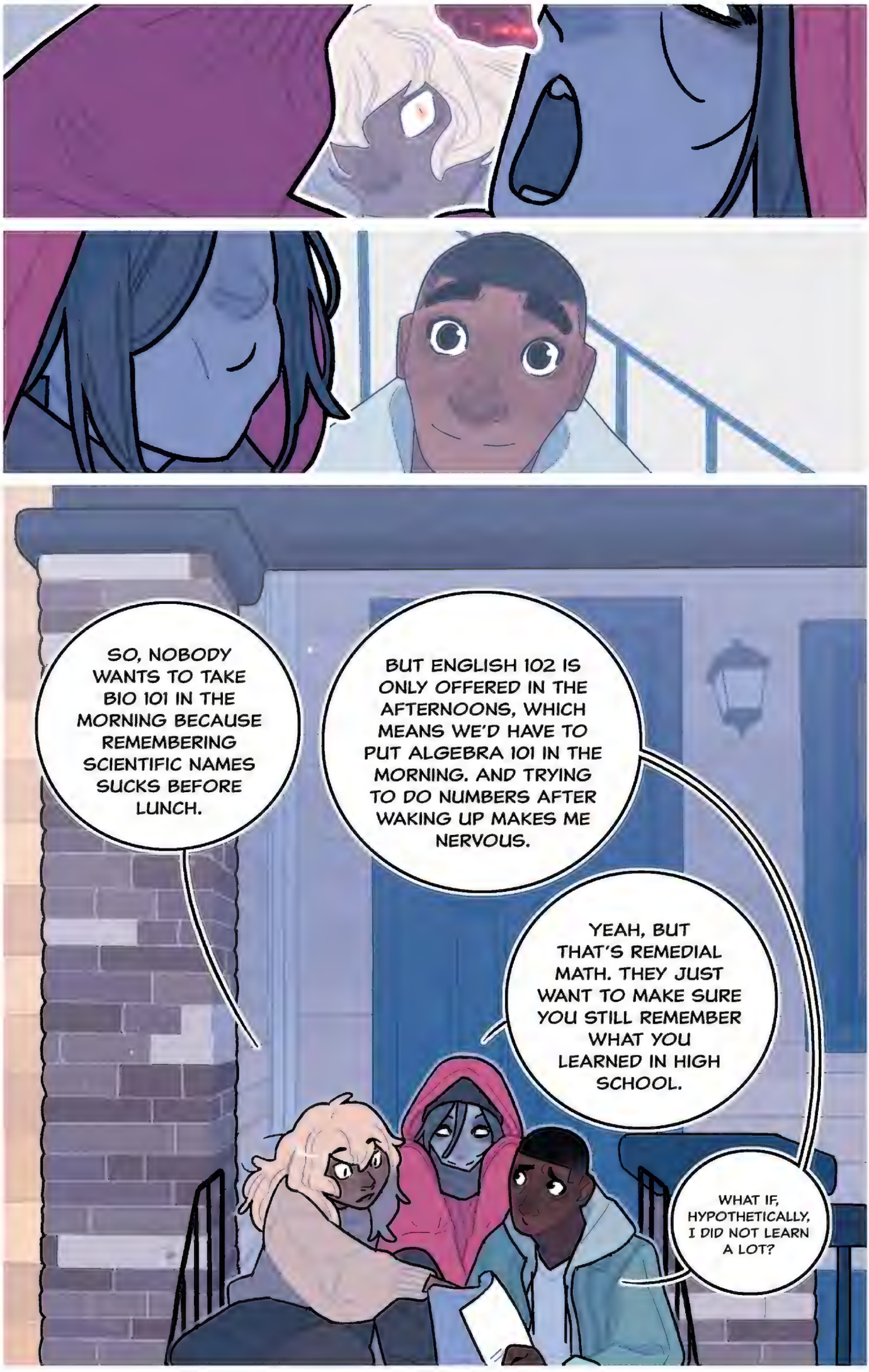
BUT
IT DID.

I'M NOT GOING TO TELL ANYONE YOU'RE HERE.
HOW YOU DIED AND IF YOU'RE FOUND IS NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY.

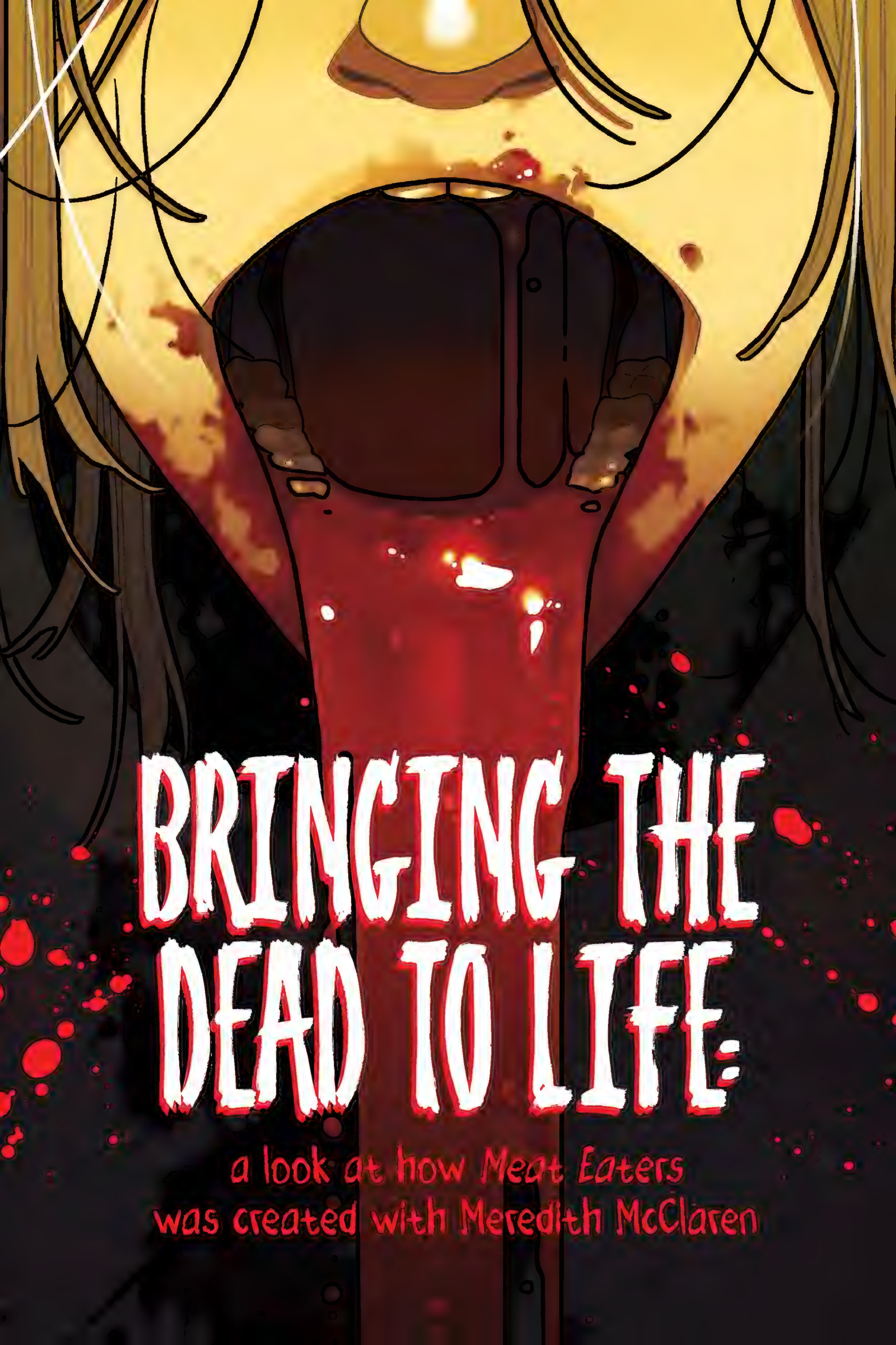
...
I'M NOT COMING BACK HERE.

HEY, NERD!
WE GOTTA COMPARE NOTES BEFORE WE PICK CLASSES FOR NEXT SEMESTER.

HOW MUCH CROSSOVER CAN THERE BE BETWEEN GAME WARDENS, PHYSICAL THERAPISTS, AND "UNDECIDED"?
LIKE, A SHIT TON OF BIOLOGY. PROBABLY.
WE CAN BE STUDY BUDDIES. *PLEASE* LET US BE STUDY BUDDIES. *WE WILL NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT A STUDY BUDDY.*
YOU EAT TODAY?
...
WE BROUGHT SNACKS!


SO, NOBODY WANTS TO TAKE BIO 101 IN THE MORNING BECAUSE REMEMBERING SCIENTIFIC NAMES SUCKS BEFORE LUNCH.
BUT ENGLISH 102 IS ONLY OFFERED IN THE AFTERNOONS, WHICH MEANS WE'D HAVE TO PUT ALGEBRA 101 IN THE MORNING. AND TRYING TO DO NUMBERS AFTER WAKING UP MAKES ME NERVOUS.
YEAH, BUT THAT'S REMEDIAL MATH. THEY JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU STILL REMEMBER WHAT YOU LEARNED IN HIGH SCHOOL.
WHAT IF, HYPOTHETICALLY, I DID NOT LEARN A LOT?

SO...BESS NEVER FINDS OUT ABOUT THIS.
BESS IS ABSOLUTELY GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS.
DID YOU SEE THE LITTLE PINK ONE? SHE CRACKED THIS THING OPEN LIKE A PIÑATA...
Good Night. Sleep Tight.


BRINGING THE DEAD TO LIFE:
a look at how Meat Eaters was created with Meredith McClaren

< ANNOUNCEMENT

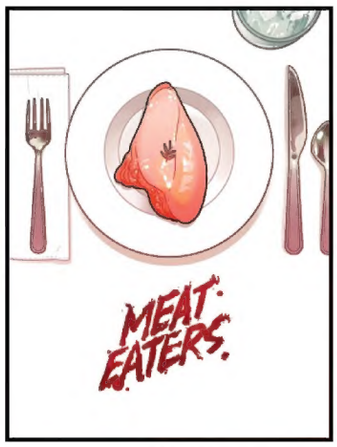
One of the first pieces I put out there once *Meat Eaters* was announced. And you can definitely see how it influenced the final cover. I think the fear on Ashley's face is the selling point. And the hot pink.

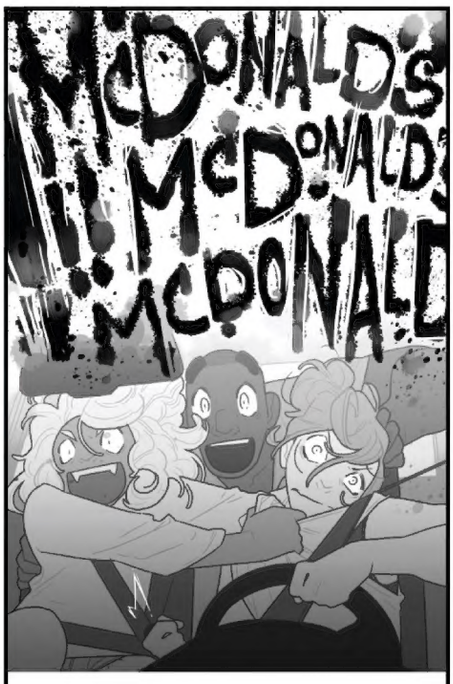
˅THE MAIN TRIO

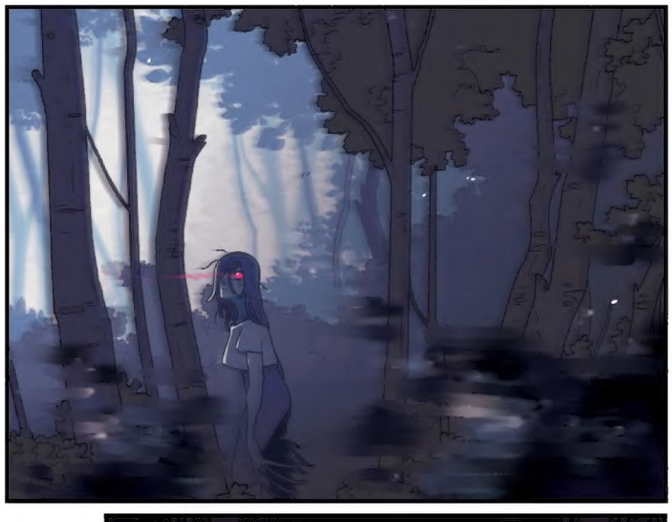
I always had a pretty set idea of what the main cast would look like. Right from the start.

< HEADER

Early on, I wanted to do a piece that gave my followers—and myself—some kind of idea about Ashley and the wolves' dynamic. I feel like this encapsulates it well.







<^ PROMOS

I had this idea early on in *Meat*'s creation that I'd put out an illustration for the book every month I was working on it. That was . . . hugely ambitious. Graphic novels take a long time, and you've got to spend some of that effort on actually making the book sometimes. So I made it about six months with the promos. And I still really like a lot of these and might have to do more now that the book is actually getting on the shelves.

< TEASER

Another early cover idea. Still great, even if the concept didn't make the cut.

Living in a place with entirely too much sun is the little monster and creator named **MEREDITH McCLAREN**. Meredith has worked on a number of books, including the Eisner-nominated *Black Cloak* written by Kelly Thompson, *Hopeless Savages* written by Jen Van Meter, and *Crumble* drawn by Andrea Bell.

From cartoonist Meredith McClaren (co-creator of the acclaimed series *Black Cloak*) comes a punishing and poignant original graphic novel about the monsters that lurk both in the darkness beyond—and within—us all . . .

Let it be said that dying is hard. Nineteen-year-old Ashley Moore found this out firsthand.

All Ashley wanted was to keep her head down until she could escape the small town where she felt she was stagnating. But after waking up one night covered in blood—and irrevocably dead—Ashley finds her foolproof plan for getting out has gone up in smoke and that something within her has changed.

Without a heartbeat and with a disturbing craving for fresh meat, Ashley discovers a world that exists just beneath our own: a world of ghouls and monsters and things that go bump in the night. Drawn into the realm of the unusual, getting advice from ancient vampires, dodging angry pack leaders, and becoming the reluctant big sister to some wayward werewolves, Ashley finds it increasingly difficult to put away the parts of her past—and herself—that she wants to ignore.

THE TRUTH, IT TURNS OUT, CAN'T STAY BURIED FOREVER.

ONI PRESS